



Class No. ^{PN}6331...

Book No. ^B69...

LIBRARY OF THE
Meadville Theological School.

Presented by *Mrs. G. W. Benian*

Accession No. *9360*.....

bes
nue



LIFE AND BOOKS, OR RECORDS
OF THOUGHT AND
READING.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023

https://archive.org/details/bwb_TN-998-065

LIFE AND BOOKS,
OR RECORDS OF THOUGHT
AND READING.

BY J. F. BOYES,

AUTHOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATIONS OF ÆSCHYLUS AND
SOPHOCLES," ETC.

The aspiring fish, that fain would be a bird,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended,
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend.

Pelican Island.



LONDON:
BELL AND SWEADY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1860.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOLAR



PREFACE.

THE title I have adopted may, I think, be fairly given to a book derived, in nearly equal proportions, from the two sources of reading and experience.

From its fragmentary and desultory form, it may have to the reader the appearance of a collection of *débris*, or wreck; this, I assure him, is not the case. With the exception of very few of its pages, some fifteen or twenty of which have already been in print, most of its materials have been committed, for the first time, to paper during the last few months, though a great part of them have been in my mind for years—long enough, indeed, I would fain hope, to impart to them, even when not strictly new, some of the kind of originality indicated in the following extract:—

“ Horace, s’il voulait émettre une idée, en était choqué, et il l’était lui-même du plagiat manifeste, car, cette idée n’était point à lui, elle était à tout le monde. *Pour y mettre son cachet, il eût fallu qu’il la portât dans sa conscience, et dans son cœur, assez profondément, et assez long temps, pour qu’elle y subît une modification particulière :* car aucune intelligence n’est identique à une autre intelligence, et les mêmes causes ne produisent jamais les mêmes effets dans l’une et dans l’autre. Aussi plusieurs maîtres, peuvent ils s’essayer simultanément à rendre un même fait, ou un même sentiment, à traiter un même sujet sans le moindre danger de se rencontrer. Mais pour qui n’a point subi cette cause, pour qui n’a pas vu ce fait, ni éprouvé ce sentiment par lui-même, l’individualité, l’originalité sont impossibles.”*

I should not have gone to the French, if I could have found the same thought rendered by any English writer, with equal fluency and faithfulness.

Whatever other and worthier authors have said in connection with the subjects referred to

* Sand. Horace.

in the present volume, I have given both compendiously and sincerely, to the extent of my knowledge. I cannot forget their words; I will not steal their thoughts; and I do not see why I should suppress either the one or the other. Their remarks may, at any rate, be worthy of notice, if mine are not; so that the reader need not be altogether disappointed, since he will have some of the best words of the best writers, on subjects either of present or perpetual interest; whilst my recollection of what such authors have said enables me to make a pretty fair estimate of the originality of that portion of the work which is evidently presented as my own. Any person of moderate discernment can see the difference between that which is merely illustrated or supported by the thoughts of others, and that which is purely fabricated out of them, when those thoughts are fairly and candidly set before the reader, together with the writer's own.

A great many people are disposed to deny that anything new can be said respecting the character of man; they see, or think they see, all Shakespeare, in Solomon. Perhaps, indeed,

a man of very quick eye, and ingenious reason, might show, in some way or other, how all the former is essentially included in the latter ; but it is precisely such a man who would be the most likely to feel the profoundest admiration for the ingenuity of Shakespeare's deductions. Most of those, however, who are in the habit of saying that nothing has been written since, on human character, which was not before written in the " Proverbs," say so rather from confusion than from accuracy or clearness of thought, or from what is by no means uncommon in England, —a most thorough, though not openly confessed, impatience to examine carefully any truth which is presented in an abstract form.

If, however, there is nothing of the kind referred to above, " new, under the sun," at any rate there are some things far more trite than others ; and if a man cannot by any possibility search all the records of human thought, to discover that no one has preceded him in his idea, he can, at least, by a moderate share of reading, avoid repeating that which tens, or perhaps hundreds, have said before him, and he must be content with the hope of comparative

novelty. There are two points, however, on which he may be more sure; the newness of his metaphors, and the comparative freshness of his citations, because the sources of these need not, and, indeed, cannot be sought for indefinitely, *up all time*, as those of some of his moral maxims may.

There are now so many writers, so many calls on the attention of the public, that it becomes almost a duty for a man who professes to add nothing of the artist to the author, to say as briefly as may be, what he has to say. There has been, in the case of the present work, a desire to avoid verbiage, even to the degree of hazarding the charge of abruptness. The latter fault, if it exists, it is hoped will be pardoned by the reader, because the writer has wished to offer him what he believes to be some of his best thoughts in a form as direct as possible, and certain conclusions, with a few of the best, not all the conceivable reasons for them.

It would have been no difficult matter to work up the present materials into something more regular, as lectures, essays, or dialogues; but those to whom the substance appears to be

of intrinsic value, small as it may be, will, I hope, not grudge my having saved myself this slight labour. With abruptness there is generally, at any rate, plain speaking. The reader, too, can quit me at any moment; at least the longest call made upon his patience, on any one subject, will not exceed five or ten minutes at the utmost.

Notes and remarks will often be found separate, which, I am aware, might well have been put in connection; but this, though unintentional in the first instance, may not be without its use, for the thoughts of readers are sometimes as much, nay even more, won to a subject by having it recalled to them at intervals, in various aspects, than by attempting to keep it before their eyes for a long time together.

As for the sentiments, I profess to write, as Boileau says, “*En ami de vertu, plutôt que vertueux.*” I hope, however, they will be found to be what I profess them to be, actuated by a fearless love of fairness and justice, without any real severity, except in the words of Dryden:—

In censuring those who censure all besides.

. Short as the book is, it is longer than most collections of isolated thoughts of the same kind, except those which are made up, confessedly or unconfessedly, partly of original matter, but principally of what has been borrowed from various sources. Perhaps, it is quite long enough, for an experiment. Again, when a man has been stating his own opinions, and calling his own witnesses through two hundred pages or more, he ought to be very well content to resign the chair and stand before the bar upon his trial.

My motto, which ought scarcely to need explaining, is taken from the sallies of the flying-fish into air and sunshine, perhaps occasionally into mist, short in duration, and uncertain in direction. I hope I may not resemble it in another point, that of having foes in both elements—the lower and the upper—in fact, more adversaries than admirers.*

* I have always hitherto been fairly criticised, with one exception, which I will mention, less to expose the critic than to amuse the reader with a fine specimen of the criticism of the nineteenth century. After a short tirade of abuse without reasons, the critic ends with calling me excessively ignorant, because I did not know how

even to spell Mr. Dickens's *nom de guerre*—"Boz." The book which I had alluded to was, "Bos" (on the Greek Ellipsis), a work known, by name at least, to every scholar, and coupled in the text with "Æschylus," "Livy," &c., but of which the reviewer had probably never heard. It is rather hard to have one's head broken for another man's ignorance. I wonder the critic did not say that my penmanship had never extended so far as the last letter of the alphabet.





LIFE AND BOOKS.

WEAK and ignorant people are fond of overwhelming us with the wonderful and shocking. They either find, or surmise that they are not able to act upon our intellect, so they try to act upon our feelings. This power they have, and they are sometimes ready to give us any amount of pain, rather than not exercise it.



THOSE who, from the desire of our perfection, have the keenest eye for our faults, generally compensate for it by taking a higher view of our merits than we deserve.



IT is vain to be always looking towards the future, and never acting towards it.



THE tendency of old age, say the physiologists, is to form bone. It is as rare as it is pleasant, to meet with an old man *whose opinions are not ossified*.

“DE mortuis nil nisi bonum.” “Say nothing but what is good, of the dead.” But it is better to give the dead their due, both for evil and for good, than to follow the common practice of taking our examples of good from the dead, and of evil from the living.

I find that a passage somewhat similar occurs in Herbert Croft’s *Life of Dr. Young*; not however, I think, so similar as to render the obliteration of mine necessary.



WHEN a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature; and secondly, because it is out of his practice.



NEVER show the sore places of your heart, or the weak points of your character, if you can help it, except to a true gentleman—he will treat them generously; others will try friction, if they owe you a grudge, and sometimes from mere native love of mischief.

Avez-vous un secret important, versez le hardiment dans ce noble cœur : votre affaire devient la sienne par la confiance.—BOSSUET, *Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon*.



MEN become wiser in almost all respects after forty, except in those love-affairs in which they are themselves concerned.

THERE is scarcely a man who is not conscious of the benefits which his own mind has received from the performance of single acts of benevolence. How strange that so few of us try a course of the same medicine !



IT is probably more innocent to laugh at a theatre at the foibles of imaginary characters, than to find pleasure in ridiculing, at a tea-table, the weaknesses of real ones.



THERE have been endless disputes about the distinction between pride and vanity. One fact is sufficient to show the vastness of the difference. Many men are almost pleased to be called proud. You can call no man vain without insulting him.

Another surely sufficient distinction is, that the former is one of the principal guardians of women, and the latter one of their most frequent betrayers.



WE should remember that it is quite as much a part of friendship to be delicate in its demands, as to be ample in its performances.



IT is useless to wonder why the ignorant and the dull do not try to improve themselves by reading. A man must have a certain amount of sense in his head already, to make him desire to put more into it.

IF Justice has her eyes bandaged, so often have those who seek her, at any rate through the medium of law.



MUCH is said about the freshness of a first love ; but there are many whose second love may be better worth having, than the first love of others.



THERE is one thing which the most unobservant person manages to see—that which we do not want him to see.



WE might pardon the ungrateful if they would forget who are their enemies, as speedily and completely as they often forget who were their friends.

I maintain this notwithstanding all that has been said about “good haters” being “good lovers :” and in the teeth of the line in the Fairy Queen :

“For, in base minds nor friendship dwells, nor enmity.”



STRICT punctuality is perhaps the cheapest virtue which can give force to an otherwise utterly insignificant character.



EVERY principal against whom a charge is brought is presumed to be honest, till he is proved to be the contrary. To listen to some cross-examining bar-

risters, we might suppose that the opposite presumption is entertained in the case of the witnesses.

He behaved himself with that regard to the prisoners which became both the gravity of a judge, and the pity that was due to men whose lives lay at stake, so that nothing of jeering or unreasonable severity ever fell from him. He also examined the witnesses in the softest manner, *taking care that they should be put under no confusion which might disorder their memory.*—BURNET'S *Life of Hale*.



WOMEN love to find in men a difficult combination: a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect.

The sex would disavow manfully, or rather womanfully, the first part of the clause in the abstract, or as a general truth, but I really am only speaking practically as regards each individual article or item of dispute, as it occurs. I do not know on what principle of human nature he grounds it, but Aristotle says, in his *Politics*, that the Lacedæmonians, *like all martial nations, were governed by their wives.*—(Notes to St. John's Milton.) If he is right in this point, (which I am inclined to doubt,) then, the combination referred to in the text may be expected often to occur. Henry the Fourth of France, who did not know what fear meant in the battle-field, declared himself wholly unequal to domestic disputes (Sully), though he often enough rendered himself amenable to curtain lectures.



MANY men seem with reference to themselves to have no power of comparison. Their pride is an uncorrected self-adoration. A Spanish proverb says, "Love which has no *ends*, has no end." So we may say, "Pride which has no *measures*, has no measure."

BE careful what you assume, what anticipations you raise. Remember the ancient kings of Poland, who were not *allowed to abdicate*.

So perhaps Scribe's "Monsieur" was wrong when he said, "Je vais me dépêcher de faire un gros livre bien spirituel, pour avoir après, le droit d'être bête pendant toute ma vie."—*Le Roi de Carreau*.

It would be as well perhaps to give out that you are in the course of writing one.



ALMOST all sorts of follies frequently coexist with talent, except one—Pomposity. Prominent exceptions, I suppose, Thurlow, Johnson, and perhaps the first Chatham.



WE refuse, and rightly enough, to permit popes, cardinals, and an "infallible church," to interpret our duties for us; but who is independent of the dogmatic interpretation which the "*Spirit of the Age*" insidiously gives to the simplest of them?



WE often appear to the least advantage before those whom we respect the most; as if to make the contrast as strong as possible: like the Indian tribe mentioned by one of our divines, who made a point of putting on their shabbiest attire out of compliment to their monarch, on the days when he arrayed himself in his finest.

INTELLIGENT love will find out our faults, even though it is ever ready to forgive them ; but even this causes a jar: perhaps there can be no perfect love except for a perfect object.



IT would be a great advantage to some school-masters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.



THE most perfect would be the most exacting and severe ; but, fortunately, mercy is one of the attributes of perfection.



WHERE we find echoes, we generally find emptiness and hollowness ; it is the contrary with the echoes of the heart.



THE heart should have a capacity for infinite music : where its affections are strong but limited in their range, it reminds us of a good barrel-organ only set to a few tunes. This often arises from pride and an exaggerated estimation of our own family and immediate acquaintances.

I should not have introduced this very old simile or metaphor except for the sake of the contrast : perhaps one of the earliest instances of its use, is the following,—Budha says that “ the heart is like a musical instrument of many strings, all the chords of which require putting in harmony.”—HPC’s *Thibet*.

BE careful how you put yourself at the mercy of critics or inferiors by going altogether out of your beat. Algernon Sydney tells us, that the king of Sabæa was worshipped as long as he kept himself within the walls of his palace, but might be murdered with impunity by his subjects if he showed himself outside it.



CATO rejoiced when he got out of the Africa of serpents, into the Africa of lions; so may we, when we exchange insidious enemies for bold ones.

Quanta dedit miseris melioris gaudia terræ,
Quum primùm sævos contra videre leones.

LUCAN, *Phars.* ix. 945.



A MAN'S leisure is often a kind of Irish natural phenomenon, which diminishes in proportion as it becomes apparent: and, by the time people are fully convinced of its existence, disappears altogether. The same process often takes place in the case of his property.



SORROWS and disturbances, in some minds, produce the effects of fermentation, leaving that which is wholesome, sound, and clear: in others, those of effervescence, resulting in flatness, vapidty, and inanition.



THERE are some reasoners and preachers with such a showily adroit mode of managing their argu-

ments, and with such smiling self-satisfied assurance as to their results, that they irresistibly remind us of prestidigitators, or those who make lace by the swift movement of bobbins.

They may be right enough; but there is so much variety of opinion on many points, theological and political, among men of equal sense and honesty—and often so much positive difficulty in their discussion, that some semblance of modesty ought to be blended even with the greatest confidence; and the invariably triumphant air is not very becoming.



MANY of the old and rich so trust to, and so esteem the estimation of their wealth, that they openly prefer the most evident and servile sycophancy to faithful affection, if it wears the air of independence. It is but rarely that legacy-hunters defeat their own ends by any amount of impudent assiduity. The rich man does not like to see the shadow of indifference to his wealth.



THOSE who live alone are generally the most decided in opinion, because there is no one to oppose their conclusions; and the most undecided in action, because they can change their plans at the caprice of the moment, without interfering with the convenience of others. Books *may*, in a measure, correct the first evil, and habit the second.



FIRST try to find out whether there is any truth absolutely in the statement or view of your opponent;

secondly, whether there is any truth relatively to him, by putting yourself in his position as far as possible ; thirdly, whether, if there is no truth in his view, there is no excuse for it.



“ LICENSE they mean when they cry liberty,” says Milton, speaking of the multitude : but tyrants quite as often, when they mean despotism, cry authority.



IF your friend, though a man of strong sense, is thoroughly determined to do what you consider a silly thing, by all means be kind enough to let him choose his own manner of doing it, as he thus may obviate part of the evil.

But observe, when a man of indisputably good understanding is said, in some single act, to have made a fool of himself, it is very often in consequence of some position, or circumstance, wholly unknown to those who form the judgment.

Let me for once illustrate these remarks by a few rhymes and a metaphor :—

Suppose your friend a man of nerve and sense,
Bent on an act of doubtful consequence ;
The depth is fearful, and the ice is thin,
The awkward *must*, th’ adroitest *may* fall in :
Yet at the root of his design may lie
Some unknown interest, or necessity,
Which makes him, though reluctant, leave the land,
And, for a time, cast off the helping hand :
All you can do is, to persuade, advise,

And point out clearly where the danger lies.
A friend's part is performed, then leave the rest ;
Give him a parting cheer, and hope the best.
Nor, if the deed must at all risks be done,
Hang weeping at his skirts, and spoil his run.



EVERYTHING is comic now ; comic grammar, comic history, comic law ; the ultimatum would be, a comic funeral service : to which those perhaps would not object who can make a joke, or laugh at one, in a court of justice where a man is on trial for his life, and such cases are not uncommon.



THERE are some people who would not only destroy all wickedness in the world, but almost all goodness, when it does not make its appearance under the form, or with the sanction of their own particular opinions.



IN most families, interests are far safer subjects of conversation, than opinions.



PERFECTLY truthful men, of very vivid imagination, and great force of sentiment, often feel so warmly, and express themselves so strongly, as to give to what they say and write a disagreeable air of exaggeration, and almost of falsehood.

THE four marks of a gentleman by birth, education, and position, are: the *form of the hands*; the *modulation of the voice*; and, in the countenance, the *expression of reflection*, and the *expression of command*.

George Sand says of this:—

“ Tu sais commander, chose difficile à acquérir l’air du commandement, et qui se contracte en naissant.”

Mont. Revêche.

If she had said ‘ presque en naissant,’ it would have been better, but the French are not fond of ‘ presques.’

I wish the expression of benevolence were equally necessary. This latter, (worth all the other four,) is, however, the usual stamp of what Dryden calls “ God Almighty’s gentlemen”—who may, accidentally, be peasants.



THERE is something in nobleness of character which we are in the habit of considering as beyond the apings of hypocrisy. But it is astonishing what a plausible amount of superficial magnanimity, and spurious generosity, may be attained by a cunning fellow, with a fine open air, and courage enough to part pretty freely with his money. If watched, however, he generally betrays himself by some want of sensibility and delicacy towards the feelings of others.

The two last-mentioned are, in their perfection at least, probably the rarest of all social virtues.



THERE are some men so coldly correct that they leave no one to regret their loss, not even a creditor.

THE imagination of man is never satisfied ; it is ever vaguely in search of something beyond even its own wildest creations. The endless inventions of the heathen mythology are not enough : there must still be an altar built to the Θεὸς ἄγνωστος, the *unknown* God.



WE are often told to moderate our grief for the loss of those towards whom it would have been called cold-hearted even to have talked of moderating our love : and yet one is scarcely less difficult than the other.



WHERE politeness and affability are without real benevolence, they arise, not merely from the wish to be thought polite, but from a desire to make the social atmosphere around us easy and agreeable for our own breathing.



THE fastidious and exacting are often more happy with new and transient acquaintances than with old ones, for three reasons : First, because they have not time to discover the faults of a temporary companion, especially as the latter will generally show himself to the best advantage at first. Secondly, the faults of strangers, even when perceived, appear of comparatively little import or interest, and, besides, new faults are often less annoying than old ones. Thirdly, there is the consciousness that, if the worst comes to

the worst, the new acquaintance and his faults can together be shaken off without much difficulty.



CHAGRIN at their own want of discernment forms a considerable element in the displeasure of our friends at the discovery of unsuspected faults in us. This is one reason of the loudness of the outcry against hypocrisy. It is therefore, perhaps, safer for us to hint at these, than to allow them suddenly “*éclater*.”

I may here quote what Crabbe has said on a very different subject:—

“Sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.”



THERE are some people whose professions, compared with their performances, remind us of the French national assembly, voting eighty-eight accomplished instructors for the eight years old dauphin. He was ultimately entrusted to the care of *one cobbler*.



THE pride of the most wicked of us is hurt if even our darling vices are presumed upon by new acquaintances; we think that, at any rate, they have no right to suppose that we shall sympathize with them.



THE tendency of excessive reading, often is, not only to indispose us for conversing ourselves, but to make the general conversation of others insipid.

ON the whole, the pleasantest subjects of conversation are those, respecting which we are neither excessively well informed, nor excessively ignorant.



MANY aphorisms, which appear general, are strictly national: thus Rochefoucauld's "To hear patiently, and to answer precisely, are the two great arts of conversation." This is applicable to the French, who are never likely to fail in vivacity; certainly not to the English.



THE chisel with which the satirist is sculpturing a knave, sometimes acts as a lancet on the prototype in real life; but vanity too often produces in some measure the effects of chloroform; and, in this case, if there is no pain, there is no cure.



THE writings and speeches of great men, some of Burke's for instance, though they may fail of their entire immediate purpose, yet often contain truths which answer a higher end;—as the fragments of Ruggiero's shattered spear, in Ariosto, are said by the poet to have flown up to the sky, and sparkled in the firmament.

I tronci fin al ciel ne sono ascesi :
 Scrive Turpin, verace in questo loco,
 Che dui o tre giu ne tornarón accesi,
 Ch' eran saliti alla sfera di fuoco.

Orlando Furioso, Canto xxx. 49.

OUR virtuous indignation is raised to the greatest pitch against those particular vices by which others have made us individually suffer. We should be contented with a very cool and phlegmatic disapprobation of avarice ; but if we consider ourselves the injured nephew of a close-fisted uncle, we feel a noble warmth against this “ the most degrading and detestable vice of human nature.”



THERE are some men capable within half an hour of accepting your services, annoying you to your face, and slandering you behind your back ; even the cherished serpent does not warm itself, feed, sting, and hiss, at such short intervals.



THE lawyer is always a gainer by the continuance of your litigation ; the doctor may be tempted to protract your disease : but the good parish priest has no immediate personal interest, except in the quickness of your cure, and the permanence of it.



THE lucid intervals of some moody, deranged, and gloomy minds, like the lightning flashing out of darkness, reveal to us more than the lifelong, steady, dim daylight of others.



THERE are some modern systems of German philosophy which are so clear, or so much the contrary,

that to turn over a couple of pages by accident at once, does not make the slightest difference in the facility of interpretation.



MANY prefer taking to their love or companionship a rough pebble, in which there is the slightest chance of discovering the smallest diamond ; rather than a highly-polished unquestionable bit of the most educated rock crystal.



WE occasionally find the strangest mixture of awkwardness and dexterity in the same people. There are men who, by a kind of instinct, never miss a snipe, and can translate Terence, off hand: yet who blunder over Virgil, and can scarcely touch a feather of a partridge.



THOSE may be taken in by the false, who have never seen the true. There is a sparkle in the eye of a loving woman, when she first sees us after a long absence, which can never be successfully imitated, as ordinary smiles or tears may. Those who have been happy enough once to see this light, are not likely to be deceived by false fires, or quite satisfied with faint ones.



To read three hours a day is quite enough to earn you the title of bookworm from those who are too

stupid, or too clever, to read at all. To deserve the sneer, a man ought to feed on the pages, to live, die, and be buried without a revival in them. The man who, from reading, learns to act, to influence society by his opinions, or even to entertain it by his conversation, is not a bookworm.

How is it that there is such an excessive discrepancy of opinion about the length of time which the brain can labour? Scott worked six hours a day (see his *Life* by Lockhart). Sir B. Brodie says that he does not think a man can work effectively much longer (*Psychological Essays*). Bulwer writes, three, (*Memoirs of Lady Blessington*.) Many Cambridge men talk of ten hours a day as nothing very extraordinary. At Oxford, very few men worked, when I remember it, more than five or six at the utmost, exclusive of lectures; and of those, I may add, who, as an old comedy says, "could not lose their time whate'er they did." But look at the feats of the ancients in this line. Pliny, in his letters, represents his uncle, old Pliny, as scarcely ever having a book out of his hands. Sir Matthew Hale "studied for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day" (*Burnet's Life*). Dr. Hammond, "during the whole time of his abode at the University, generally spent thirteen hours of the day in study" (*Walton's Life of Hammond*). Bishop Burnet, eleven hours.

But these were not men likely to dream over their work.



ON the child's tears the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα is waiting. Those of manhood and womanhood are seldom without a partial iris, or they are dried by the agitated airs, the movements and cares of active life. But for the old man's tears there is little absorption on this side the everlasting sunshine.

FOR spectre and phantom seeing the Saxon cure was to eat the flesh of a wild beast ; and an excellent cure too, if the patient was first obliged to hunt, and kill his wild beast.



THERE are some to whose eye external nature, which is but the garment of the Creator, by the very grace and amplitude of its foldings, seems to conceal the feet of Divinity.



THE unsocial man is generally looked upon as selfish : however, it is as easy to be socially, as solitarily, selfish. The solitary says, “ I am continually encountering in society that which excites my envy, or grates against my prejudices, I will retire.” The socially selfish argues, “ Let me get as much pleasure as ever I can out of life ; that is my doctrine. It is of no use to mope ; there is no merriment in solitude. Let me rough it ; let me give and take ; and, in the general conflict of interests, I will trust to myself not to be a loser.”

I say this is a guard against the idea that the *solitaires* have nearly all the selfishness to themselves, which is rather a too prevalent one.

“ For the most generous spirits are the most combining, they delight most to move in concert ; and feel (if I may say so) in the strongest manner, the force of the confederating charm.”—SHAFTESBURY’S *Essay on Wit and Humour*.

Evidently all depends on the motives for combination.

THERE are some men so matter-of-fact that they would have a map of the world to their Joe Miller, in order to verify the locality of the jokes. These are the men who will not permit you to talk about an empty bottle, because it has got air in it.



THOSE who do not care what truths they abuse or desecrate, in order to buttress up some favourite position, resemble the Athenians whom Thucydides describes as building up the walls of their city, with masonry pillaged from its temples and its shrines.

The Duke of Guise, in the war between Henry II. of France and the Emperor Charles V, levelled churches, monasteries, &c. for the defence of Metz in Lorraine, but with religious ceremonies, that he might avoid the charge of impiety.—ROBERTSON'S *Charles V.*, vol. VII.



THE most pious men have complained that they are often harassed by distressing doubts. They are scarcely fair to the sceptic, or inquirer, when they tell him, authoritatively, that all *his* doubts have been a thousand times urged, and a thousand times refuted ; but this is the ordinary phrase, even when the difficulties are perhaps substantially the same.



THE monarch is in our days the figure-head of the vessel. It looks, indeed, very imposing, and, to ignorant eyes, appears to be seeing its own way over

the ocean, but the helmsman in the background is the prime minister. Nevertheless, the sailors are very fond of their figure-head.



NATIONS resemble men more delicately than in the mere general facts of growth, culmination, and decay. In America, for instance, there is the excessive wilfulness of youth, together with its energy, recklessness, and love of movement in every direction.

There is also another defect of extreme youth which applies to some of the Americans. Pliny says, in his Sixth Letter, Second Book: "*Igitur memento nihil magis esse vitandum quàm istam luxuriæ et sordium novam societatem, quæ cum sint turpissima discreta, et separata, turpius junguntur.*" The child loves to have a fine dress, and does not care how soon it dirties and spoils it; as a low American spits on a Turkey carpet, and spoils good furniture with his heels. But the better class of Americans have long passed out of this muddle of vulgarity and magnificence. You know this, my transatlantic friends, A——t, B——e, G——d, M——d, R——s, Northerners and Southerners. Only adopt the Athenian Menander's grand liberality,

"Ὅς αν, εὖ γεγονως ἦ τη φύσει προς τ' αγαθα,
Κ' ἄν 'ΑΙΘΙΟΨΣ ἦ, μητες, εστιν ευγενης,

and be Athenians. I need scarcely say that I have taken *sordes* in its primary sense.



WHERE there is much to be said on both sides of a question, and neither disputant will yield, we are fain, like Buonaparte and Alexander on the Niemen, to make terms on some raft which lies in the middle

of the stream of truth ; or on some island which seems to divide it for a moment into two channels, as Mazarin and De Haro arranged the peace of the Pyrenees in the Isle of Pheasants on the Bidassoa.



SOMBRE thoughts and fancies often require little real soil or substance to flourish in ; they are the dark pine-trees which take root in, and frown over, the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears, and the vapours of fancy.



THE absurdity of men is often the wisdom of Providence. We are inclined to laugh at rages and at fashions, with their energetic zigzag movements, first in one direction, and then in another ; yet probably, on the whole, they produce a greater amount of improvement in art, science, and society, than would be effected by progress directed by sincere taste and cool judgment, advancing slowly and equably in every direction, no matter what the frenzy may be, whether for church architecture, washing-houses, or azaleas.

So it is in nearly everything. Surely Bolingbroke is only partially true in the following passage, at any rate in the latter part of it (Patriot King) :—

“ We must not proceed in forming the moral character as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue ; who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another : but we must proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as Nature does in forming a flower, an animal, or any other of her productions ; *rudimenta partium omnium simul*

parit et producit : she throws out altogether and at once the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts. The vegetable or the animal grows in bulk, and increases in strength, but is the same from the first." This would seem to imply an equable growth; on the contrary, till natural productions are getting towards perfection, it almost invariably happens that the different parts take their turns in an exaggerated development, and so it very often is in the growth of character.



THERE are some good men with such an invincible though innocent personal conceit, that even in the angelic state one may fancy they would contrive to wear their rays slightly on one side.



THERE are some men who seem to exert all their bodily powers in violating the law, and their mental ones in eluding it.



NATURAL sons are said to excel in vigour; certainly the illegitimate children of the Church, the dissenters, born in her days of indolence and luxury, have often taught lessons of energy and exertion to her regular and acknowledged offspring.



MEN of great power of imagination have often very strong views of things: this tends to make them intolerant; but, on the other hand, they have pre-emi-

nently the power of putting themselves into the position of others, which is an admirable corrective of intolerance.



THERE are few good men so thoroughly honest as not occasionally to invest very doubtful acts with the halo of their general goodness of character, general rectitude of intention, and correct interpretation of doctrine.



WHEN the heart is chilled and hardened, we would give the world for those sweet and warm emotions which are the fruits and the rewards of virtue, and we sometimes mistake this yearning after what might have been ours, if we had earned it, for virtue itself. We may put this feeling with

The shame which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it used to wear,
Whose blush remains when virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.

MOORE.



WOMEN are generally less truthful than men: first, because they are naturally more timid, and to speak the truth requires fearlessness; and again, because their moral education often mainly consists in delicately dissembling their own feelings. However, there are few things without a counterpoise. And the schemings, the struggles, and the dangerous

guilt of the active world in which men mingle, lead them into much untruth to which women are far less tempted.



PEOPLE of small intellect are very dangerous enemies.

Because they are likely to have few extraneous thoughts to divert them from their immediate object of malice.

Ceux qui n'ont rien à regarder dans leur âme sont attentifs à tout.—STENDHAL, *Chartreuse de Parme*.

Because they are shrewd noticers of personalities and personal weaknesses.

Invidia infelix animi vitalia vidit,
Lædendique vias.—STATII *Sylv.* II. 6.

Because there is nothing which a fool and a mean man enjoy so much as to catch a wise and an honest one at a disadvantage.

Peut-être une des plus grandes jouissances que puissent éprouver les petits esprits, ou les êtres inférieurs, est celle de jouer les grandes âmes, ou les prendre en quelque piège.

BALZAC, *Beatrice*.

There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief.

CLARENDON'S *Rebellion*, vol. I.

Neither is it safe to count upon the weakness of any man's understanding, who is thoroughly possessed of the spirit of revenge to sharpen his invention.

SWIFT'S *Advice to the Members of the October Club*.

Add—

That low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise.

CHURCHILL'S *Rosciad*.



IT is evidently unnatural for a woman to love or accept a man of feminine and feeble person and character ; where she does so, as far as reasons can be given, it is generally from a natural tenderness of heart, which augurs that it will receive its future greatest delight in pitying, consoling, and protecting : from absence of strong passion, or from strength of will or instinctive love of rule, unconsciously perhaps predestinating its victim.



WE are often told not to interfere in the disputes or quarrels of married people. But I would say more, except in cases of special friendship, if you cannot help hearing separately their mutual complaints, hear in silence : because people are very likely to feel afterwards that they have been guilty of a weakness in making you a confidant at all in such a case, and they will be the more angry with you when they are mortified with themselves.

Because you put yourself at the mercy of the first renewal of conjugal affection. When the expressions you may have been invited to use will, very likely, be repeated.

Because it is ten to one if the measure of your re-

prehension exactly coincides with theirs, and there is no single point about which people are more conceited than about their own knowledge of the exactly proper degree of punishment or blame—shown in the eternal disputes of parents about the correction of children.

Lastly, because in this, as in all similar cases, it is almost impossible to form a fair judgment, where probably the provocation is never mentioned, misrepresented, or misaccented.



IF you want to be admired for attainments, do not exhibit the several steps of your progress. It makes no real difference, but fools have little respect for what they can measure. This is often the reason of the prophet being without “honour in his own country.” It is only with the best judges that the highest works of art would lose none of their honour by being seen in their rudiments.



THE Scandinavians had a God, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him. (Mallet’s Northern Antiquities.) There are many who are nearly choked by the converse process, the attempt to get one idea into them.

IF your arguments are not well “tempered,” and your adversary is rather too strong for you, he may imitate the example of Constantine after the battle of Verona, who, to use the words of Gibbon (II. 35.), “imagined the happy expedient of converting the swords of the vanquished into their fetters.”

Byron was probably thinking of this when he wrote the lines:—

“Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ
Till now, when she has forged her broken chain
Back to a sword, and dies, and lives again.”

The Island.

I do not find Byron’s obligations to Gibbon referred to in any edition of his works; take as instances:—

“Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me—and I bleed.”

Childe Harold, IV. 11.

“Alas! the decree of fate is now accomplished, by your own fault it is, the web which you have woven, the thorns of the tree which yourself have planted.”—GIBBON, *Chap. LXV.*

“Statues of glass all shivered, the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust.”

Childe Harold, IV. 15.

“The hand which had raised them from the dust, and which on the slightest displeasure could soon break in pieces these statues of glass.”—GIBBON, *Chap. LXV.*

Byron sometimes acknowledges his debts, and sometimes not.



QUICK writers, with a full and deep body of thought seldom quote, even though they have the materials in their minds, or at their side. They resemble those strong and rapid rivers which pass through

lakes, refusing in their haste and fulness to suffer an admixture of the circumfluous element, even though of the same nature with their own. Such writers are careless about ornament, and often too self-confident to ask for or even to accept confirmation.



THE humourist is difficult to deal with, he speaks at one time so seriously that you are tempted to address him as Mentor; and he says, "Pardon me, Sir, you mistake me, I am only Momus." So you look in his hand for his bauble, and lo, there is a scourge.



PRACTICALLY a certain amount of the elements of evil seems necessary for *what is commonly called* national progress. A little disputation or persecution, to keep religion awake and astir.

It is the condition of a church to be ever under trials; and there are but two trials, the one of persecution, the other of scandal and contention, and when the one ceaseth, the other succeedeth: nay, there is scarce any one epistle of St. Paul unto the churches, but containeth some reprehension of unnecessary and schismatical controversies. So likewise in the reign of Constantine the Great, after the time that the church had obtained peace from persecution, straight entered sundry questions, and controversies, about no less matters than the essential parts of the Faith.

BACON'S *Observations on a Libel.*

The desire of rather more than enough money, to make commerce enterprising; a little too strong love of supremacy, to make statesmen toil; a little too

much self-indulgence, to give employment to the working classes who minister to it.



“THE whalers,” says Turner, “have a superstition that when they are going to harpoon a whale, it is their duty to put their best jackets on.” A good hint for the critic when he is going to strike a heavy fish.

The Fejée Islanders put charges into their guns according to the size of the person they intend to shoot at. A bad rule enough for musquetry, but not for criticism.



OF late it has been the mode to make as wide a difference as possible between “education” and “instruction;” to pretend that these provinces are totally distinct.

I refer here particularly to a speech of Mr. Drummond’s in the House of Commons in, I think, 1857.

But there is more connection between the two than people generally fancy. I should like to know, who can separate from the barest good intellectual instruction a demand for the following moral elements in the pupil, order, effort, obedience, attention, perseverance, truth.



WHAT men aim at in the present day seem to be chiefly dogmatical religious, and substantial intellectual acquirements; to give a wide range of sympathy, and a generosity of character, seems not to enter into the ideas of one educator out of twenty.

THERE are few people so thoroughly truthful as not gently to put suspicion or opinion on a false track, when by doing so they can save themselves or their friends.



OTHER creatures have no wish but to follow the appointed order of things. Man, as a subordinate master of nature, can, in a measure, controvert its course, and make it subservient.

Nos fruges serimus, nos arbores, nos aquarum inductionibus terris fecunditatem damus; nos flumina arcemus: dirigimus advertimus *nostris denique manibus in rerum naturâ*, quasi alteram naturam efficere conamur.—CICERO, *de Nat. Deor.* II.

IS not this power, deeply considered, the strongest *natural* proof of responsibility to some evidently still higher agent?



DO not be equally angry with a child for the vulgarity of disposing inelegantly of his cherry-stones, and the greediness of taking more than his share of cherries. If you have not sense enough to see the difference between a real fault and a conventional one, depend upon it he has as yet enough conscience to do so.



CÆSAR is a good emblem of all states which strive to make military glory atone for other deficiencies: he covered his head with laurels to conceal his baldness.

MONTHLY nurses would make excellent philologists, they have such an eye for detecting resemblances between a parent stock and its derivatives, which no one else can discover.



NEXT to those faults in others by which we have been made to suffer, we are often the most angry at those which we have ourselves had the most difficulty in overcoming or sacrificing. There is no such bitter enemy of unchastity as the prude, next to the injured wife.



IN some sententious writers there is an evident consciousness that they are saying smart things, as Young, Shaftesbury, Fontenelle, La Bruyère. In others, as Dr. Johnson, and Bacon, that they are saying just, true, and weighty ones. Whilst, in a third class, of which Addison and Montaigne are instances, (though in other respects most widely different,) there is no apparent consciousness of the quality of what they are writing.



CÆSAR, holding his commentaries in one hand above the waves as he swam, is but a minor instance, and an inadequate emblem, of the marvellous preservation, and transmission to our own times, of the vast body of Greek and Roman literature, amidst the storms and dangers through which they have had to pass.

A LOAD of epistolary liabilities is the heaviest baggage that a traveller can bear about with him.



THE law is very imperfect when any species of rascality can afford *to pay its fines out of its profits*.

Merchants, arise,
And mingle conscience with your merchandise.

Quarles.

I do not know whether the following passage, written now some years ago, will indirectly comfort those who have suffered by, or lament over, the decline of *English* honesty :—

“ Perverti par de scandaleux exemples, le bas commerce a répondu, surtout depuis dix ans, à la perfidie des conceptions du haut commerce par des attentats odieux sur les matières premières. Partout où la chimie est pratiquée, on ne boit plus de vin, et l’industrie vinicole succombe, on vend du sel falsifié pour échapper au fisc. Les tribunaux sont effrayés de cette improbité générale, et le commerce Français est en suspicion devant le monde entier. Le mal vient de la loi politique, elle a proclamé le règne de l’argent, et le succès devient alors la raison suprême d’une époque athée. Aussi les corruptions des sphères élevées, malgré des résultats éblouissants d’or, et leurs raisons spécieuses, est elle infiniment plus hideuse que les corruptions ignobles, et quasi personnelles, des sphères inférieures.”—BALZAC, *Esther*.

But Balzac himself was doing what he complains of in another way.

Hear another more recent testimony, regarding the state of French commerce, from Mendez, who told me personally what he has here written :—

“ Le vin on l’entend, on le frelate, on frelade ou adultère toutes les denrées ; on empoisonne les populations en tran-

quillité toujours pour la recherche du prétendu bonheur. Le lait, le sel, le poivre, tout est sophistiqué. On vend faux teint, et l'on se glorifie de la supercherie."

THEODORE MENDEZ *sur le Duel*, 1854.

"It is something more than touching to find Queen Mary's parliament, even while the fires of Smithfield were burning, engaged in preventing the manufacturers of the north from mixing devil's dust with their cloth, and the smaller tradesmen of the petty towns from cheating the poor consumers with adulterated articles."—FROUDE'S *Oxford Essay on the best means of teaching English History*. (Quoted in GILDERDALE'S *Disciplina Rediviva*.)



JUST as the Roman consuls were unwilling to let a day of their year's magistracy pass without an act, so, the Roman authors seem to have been determined not to use a word without a meaning. It is scarcely possible to find in their works a single sentence which can properly be called mystical, trifling, or aimless. Their style is always direct, strong, and purpose-like; there is no wilful playing either with thought, or with the language which is its vehicle. For want of this sheet-anchor, or rather helm, of common sense, how many freights of genius in modern Europe have we seen lost in mysterious depths, or prodigally scattered on barren sands.



A MAN'S life and conduct may influence his selection of arguments, and his use of them; but it cannot

possibly affect, in the slightest degree, the *intrinsic* truth or falsehood of a single sentence that he utters ; yet theologians generally confuse these two questions, —either by a trick or a blunder.



THERE is scarcely any more delightful emotion than that which we feel when a friend who has sacrificed our esteem, by some noble act recovers it with interest.



THERE is something false about the vitality of the gayest watering-places ; there is too little of the energy of the will about it. Languor is infectious, and life is infectious too. Those who “ want more life and fuller ” (*Tennyson*) should go to a busy capital, where there are in activity the movements and interests of men in earnest. You cannot look out of a window without seeing the difference. Of course, I am not here speaking of the worst class of invalids, nor of those who, in the great city, will be friendless.



THERE is no more common trick of selfishness than to indicate to our friends most clearly the course of action we wish them to take, and then to add that we have not the slightest wish to bias them. We thus throw on them the onus of refusal, and try to pocket, ourselves, the credit of generosity.

PEOPLE generally condemn war as a system of blood-shedding; but that is by no means all. It sanctions, for a time, almost everything that an honourable man would shun. It sanctions espionage, it sanctions deceit, it sanctions the opening of letters, it is often obliged to permit plunder. Can all this be without great damage to the character of a nation, even though only temporary?



As to the religious part of the question, doubtless, as in a *non-natural* sense a man swears that he will love his wife for ever, and promises to endow her with *all* his worldly goods, without being quite certain that he can do the first, and rarely intending literally to do the second; so he may non-naturally divide his mouth between the prayer for his enemy, and the cartridge with which he is going to blow his spirit out of his body; and non-naturally love his brother when, with heated blood, and to the sound of drums and trumpets, he is trying whether he or his brother is the strongest, or most skilful swordsman.

As far as authorities go on this subject, the early English divines, as Barrow, Hooker, &c. &c. never seem to have felt a moment's hesitation about the propriety of defensive warfare. Of the early reformers, Erasmus would have been a staunch member of the Peace Society; and Luther at one time said, that he did not wish to see a sword drawn even to protect the reformed doctrines, whilst Zuingle died in battle for them. The Peace Society, in a publication of 1817, Tract III, maintain, that war was wholly condemned and

not practised at all by Christians before the third century, and give many apparent proofs of it. But Milner, in his Church History, when speaking of the war of Marcus Aurelius with the Marcomani, A. D. 174, says :—" The Christian soldiers in his army, we are sure, in their distress would pray to God, even if Eusebius had not told us so. All Christian writers speak of the relief as vouchsafed in answer to their prayers, and no real Christian will doubt of the soundness of their judgement in this point." (Church History, chap. iv. cent. 2.) Yet, not a hundred pages afterwards, (chap. ii. cent. 3.) he says :—" Tertullian's apology exhibits a beautiful view of the manners and of the spirit of the Christians of his times." He then quotes from it, amongst others, the following passage :—" For what war should we not be ready, and well prepared, even though unequal in numbers, we, who die with so much pleasure, were it not that our religion requires us rather to suffer death, than to inflict it."

Here is a direct self-contradiction. So difficult it is to find men agreeing with each other or even with themselves on the subject.

Those who profess to dislike war of all kinds, yet speak of it as a matter of necessity, are often the very people who are, as they think, firm believers in special providential interference. Yet, somehow or other, they never seem to think a special providential interference at all *likely* in behalf of a whole nation determined on principle rather to suffer than to strike—a curious description of Faith.

It is a common statement that peace may very safely be professed by a small community, like the Quakers, existing in the midst of a large community, *not professing it*.

The following passage may be just worth quoting :—" This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest, for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath; it was not ratified by signatures and seals; no written record of the conference can be found, and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart.

. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres, which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian."

BANCROFT'S *History of the United States*.

It need scarcely be added that as long as the temper is hostile and bitter, the mere abstinence from arms, or the contrary, is of comparatively little importance.

However, I know and honour men in both services; and all I will venture to say is, that war is a thing the propriety of which, under any circumstances, is rather difficult of proof.



THERE is nothing that horrifies cautious people more than your attempt to make them admit what is called a general proposition.



A SUBJECT put into some minds is like a herb put into cold water; in some kinds of water it petrifies, in some it putrifies. A mind which is merely fervid and busy may make, like boiling water, a slight decoction of it, but it requires spirit and quality in the intellect to extract an essence.



RESPECTABLE English, incidentally meeting, are more shy of each other than are most of the people on the Continent; against the insular compression,

which has a perpetual tendency to force them together, they seem to struggle by mutual repulsion : this is not a fancy but a fact.



ALL the “gnomes” or sententious passages of Milton are most sensible, and expressed with the greatest grandeur, dignity, and precision ; but, compared with many of those of Shakespeare, they are merely on the surface. He is still further below Shakespeare in the wide, rapid range and infinite variety of his metaphorical language.



A MAN may love a woman so deeply and so passionately, he may be so abundantly satisfied with her, as only to desire offspring from a wish to see her, and love her, in one more light—that of mother.



WE are sometimes, though unreasonably of course, almost sickened with education and its effects, from the number of minds which it produces that can learn, arrange, comprehend, and remember everything ; but can neither feel nor originate.



SISMONDI, the French historian, tells us that a body of German crusaders, under Godescalc, put themselves under the guidance of a goose, which

was, as they believed, sent from heaven to march before them to the Holy Land. After this, no minister need despair of gathering a congregation. However, I am sorry to find that the historian says very few of these crusaders indeed reached their destination; he tells us nothing whatever of the fate of the goose.



THERE are many minds which resemble a white mouse in a turnabout cage, eternally active, but in a small circle, and to no purpose, but to display their activity.



THERE are others all coolness and calculation, like London milk, a mixture of brains and cold water.



AND whilst talking of brain, there are others again who, having had, perhaps, a tendency to water on the brain in their childhood, have been diligently correcting it with some stronger fluid ever since.



THERE are few things that have worked more in favour of really great authors than colonization. Conceive the increasing attachment of the intelligent colonist, in the back settlements, for his Shakespeare, and the few good books which he has thought it worth while to carry with him into his solitude,

his thorough acquaintance with them, and the honour with which he transmits them to his children.



OUR real sympathies are terribly confined to our own classes. I have known an individual moved almost to tears at the idea of a gentleman being reduced to live on two hundred a year, but who had not an emotion, (though he may have had five shillings,) to spare for a labourer living on seven shillings a week. And I have known a lady with a smiling progeny of six, who could not conceive what female servants could possibly want with followers.



THERE are some of the gentler sex who have quite a passion for considering as invalids, and trying to treat as such, even the most robust specimens of the other. This arises chiefly from a love of exercising female tenderness and kindness; and a little, perhaps, from a fancy for seeing or imagining the stronger in a state of dependence and submission.



THE desire for the marriage of our acquaintances is very often nothing more than the itch of curiosity for seeing people in a new position, whom we are tired of seeing in their old one, and of scrutinizing their conduct in it.

IF a woman could have a child as pure as a cherub, I believe she would infinitely prefer one with all the natural infirmities of the nursery.



NEW similes are good both for new truths and old ones; they help to make the former comprehensible, and the latter endurable.

Bacon says, in the Interpretation of Nature, "There is no proceeding in invention of knowledge but by similitude;" and, elsewhere, "New truths must pray in aid of similitudes."



A WOMAN, in spite of a very common assertion, does not like a rake because he is one, unless she has, secretly, the elements of a rake in herself; but there are very few women who do not like some of the common qualities of a rake—ardour, manliness of person, politeness, confidence, a dazzling knowledge of the world, and an elegant flattery. It is not in nature that a woman, as usually constituted, should not have a leaning to these masculine characteristics; though, accidentally, she may have reasons for giving preference to others.

Richardson would naturally have expected that women should take the part of Clarissa, rather than Lovelace; but to his utter astonishment every day's post brought him letters from women entreating the final happiness of the good Lovelace.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER'S *Levanu*.

THE scholar is, in many societies, almost condemned to silence, when the possessor of any other kind of knowledge is courted to display it. Almost any ostentation is forgiven sooner than that of scholarship. Men will often bear the parade of wealth, for they seem, for the time, to participate in the grandeur of their associate; they will applaud a wit, because his sallies tickle their fancy, and flatter their powers of perception; they will listen attentively to a protrusive display of general knowledge, because it gratifies even ignorant curiosity, and implies, perhaps, little more than the labour of collecting facts, which every one thinks he might gather if he would give himself the trouble: but it is not so with thorough scholarship—not, perhaps, that the scholar would wish it to be otherwise.



THE Frenchman has generally both more prudence and more self-command than the Englishman up to a certain point of excitement, beyond which he loses himself altogether. He is, as a rule, far more polite than the Englishman; but, where a Frenchman is unpolite, he is extremely so, because he is unpolite in spite of his earliest instructions, and almost universal example. Frenchmen accept at once, and with acclamation, a generous idea, though they are often inconstant to it through versatility. The English, as a body, do not admit a noble pub-

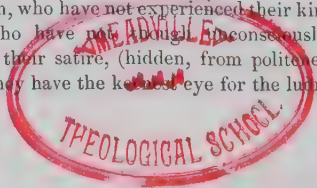
lic idea till it has passed through a long ordeal of discussion and even of ridicule; but, when once convinced, they are more firm and faithful in carrying it out. In all grand changes, in which there has been much to be gained, and much to be lost, the English have been by far the most prompt and courageous. In almost all important experiments, the displacing or changing the direction of vast masses of labour, in railroads, in free trade, for instance, England has been the first to throw herself into the gap, and the French have been slow and timid; and admissions to this effect have been made by some of their own most popular writers.

Nothing can be much worse than the prejudiced caricatures which our old writers generally produce of the other European nations; but the following few touches are admirable, I might almost say unequalled, in their kind, for insight and accuracy.

“ The French are passing *courtly*, ripe of wit,
Kind, but *extreme dissemblers*, you shall have
 A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
 At th’ instant mocking even your very shoe-tie.
 To give the country due, it is on earth
 A paradise, and *if you can neglect*
Your own appropriaments, but *praising that*
In others (videlicet Frenchmen) wherein you excel, yourself,
 You shall be much beloved there.”

FORD’S *Love’s Sacrifice*, Act I. Sc. I. (1633.)

There are few English, either travellers or residents among them, who have not experienced their kindness; few, perhaps, who have not, though unconsciously, been the subjects of their satire, (hidden, from politeness not from fear,) for they have the keenest eye for the ludicrous in ex-



ternals; and most must have observed their great dislike to hear high praise accorded to anything that is not France or French.

It must be confessed that in *one* of the following points the English were as backward as the French :—

“ Les Français répondront eux-mêmes qu’ils sont toujours les derniers, sinon à accueillir, du moins à adopter les découvertes utiles : que Ch. Colomb a vainement sollicité de découvrir à leur profit un nouveau monde ; que les tourbillons de Descartes ont lutté chez eux pendant un demi-siècle contre l’attraction Newtonienne ; que l’inoculation sauvait depuis trente ans la vie à des milliers d’hommes en Europe, lorsque cette pratique salutaire commençait à peine à s’introduire en France qu’en un mot, tout innovation portant un caractère bien marqué de grandeur et d’utilité publique a toujours été dans ce pays un objet des plus longues et des plus ridicules contradictions.”

JOUY, *L’Ermite de la Chaussée d’Antin*.

“ C’est encore un des vices de nôtre esprit chez nous les commencements sont toujours superbes, mais cette chaleur du bien s’éteint au bout de quelques jours, et il ne reste plus de toutes ces magnifiques promesses que les débris, qui attestent nôtre peu de persévérance, ou l’inutile effort d’une amélioration qui n’a pu lutter contre la penurie des capitaux qu’on emploie chez nous à toutes les exploitations Chez nous l’industrie n’est pas une occupation, et une labour honnête, c’est une spéculation, et un moyen de faire fortune rapidement. Ceci est tellement vrai, que la plupart des entreprises faillissent par l’exiguité des capitaux qu’on y emploie. C’est que pour appeler les capitaux dans une entreprise industrielle il ne faut pas leur offrir d’honorables bénéfices de sept ou huit, il faut présenter de cinquante par an.”—SOULIÉ, *L’homme de lettres*.



IN the passage from a lower social position to a higher one very few men can move with grace.

Many are as embarrassed as that Byzantine emperor who mounted the steps of the throne with the fetters of his slavery still hanging about his ankles.



THAT high sanguine temperament which makes a man robust, impulsive, vehement, ardent for the gratification of his keen desires, would not only make him overbearing, but overwhelming, if he were not controlled by other circumstances connected with this temperament; namely, by that intense enjoyment of life which makes a man very loath to sacrifice it, together with an exquisite sensibility which makes him shrink from pain.



IF, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for a want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child *is all left hand*.



THOUGH we may not admire what are commonly called mystic and transcendental writers, yet when some of them choose to descend from the clouds, the common-sense man finds that they can beat him at his own weapons, even when he is put upon his mettle. As Turner, to take an instance from another province, often chose to paint nearly unintelligible

pictures, but when it pleased him to produce a natural one, "the cunning artsman" "faltered not in a line."



SOMETHING of an *à priori* argument might be built up to show that the mind may be fortified and rendered robust by familiarity with scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. The great Wyndham somewhat profaned his eloquence in support of a national discipline founded on this idea.

Southey is my authority, for I have never seen the speech, if it was ever published :—

"Bull-baiting should be put down. Mr. Wyndham, who so often became paradoxical for the pleasure which he felt in exercising his intellectual subtlety, never went so far astray in following the will-o'-the-wisp of his own imagination as when he defended this brutal practice."—*Essay from the Quarterly Review on the State of the Poor.*

Sheridan, I find, in his answer to this speech, says that one "gentleman seemed to be of opinion that if the lower order of people were not indulged in the joyous and jovial practice of bull-baiting, the constitution must eventually be overturned."—*Speech on the Second Reading of the Bill for abolishing Bull-baiting, May 24, 1802.*

Ford, in his "Gatherings from Spain," refers to Wyndham's speech on this subject.

Even supposing we admit that a spirit of daring may sometimes be engendered by a familiarity with sights and sounds of pain, still we should be wrong in ensuring brutality, because it may accidentally include boldness, for a mere chance it is, and no more. It certainly may be confuted by the most vulgar in-

stances. Any London police-sheet will show that the tailor is to the full as pugnacious and pertinacious as the butcher, even more so. It is important to break down the prejudice which, in many minds, connects barbarity with boldness. The Athenians boasted, with justice, that they could leap at once "from the banquet to the battle" field (*Byron's Sardapalus*), and stand their ground against the less humanized disciples of Lycurgus.

Οἱ μὲν ἐπιπόνῳ ἄσκησει εὐθὺς νέοι ὄντες τὸ ἀνδρεῖον μέ-
τέρχονται· ἡμεῖς δὲ, ἀνειμένως διατῶμενοι, οὐδὲν ἥσσον ἐπὶ
τοὺς ἰσοπαλεῖς κινδύνους χωροῦμεν.—THUCYD. B. II.

The Roman populace never took so much delight in the bloody arena as at the time when, unable or unwilling to defend themselves, they shrunk in their capital behind the shield of foreign auxiliaries. In spite of their sanguinary selfishness, few of the great warriors, either of ancient or modern times, have been gratuitously cruel. Domitian, whose cruelties ranged from a fly to a senator, was a dastard. Nero proved himself to be another. Caligula was content to triumph over periwinkles. The cow-milking Swiss have shown themselves no less brave than the bull-fighting Spaniards; or than those *condottieri* who lived in mail, and reaped their daily bread on the battle-field. The English have lost none of their prowess since the dangerous tournament has ceased to be a necessary part of the training of knights and gentlemen; nor, since the discountenancing of duelling, the partial suppression of pugilism, and the

cessation of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. The missionary, to spread his faith, the merchant, to extend his commerce, in spite of their peaceful training, have hazarded dangers at which many a warrior might have shuddered. A strong feeling of right, nay, a good stiff prejudice, will often make a man both dare more, and bear more, than any disciplined indifference to spectacles of agony. Fear has oftener than courage defended itself by cruelty. It dictated half the atrocities of the worst period of the great revolution in France.



How few of those who engage in teaching belong to the class from which the best teachers are drawn. Let a man be possessed, if not of the highest, at least, of well-poised faculties; endued with patience, temper, and, above all, with energy: for this is both wonderfully contagious, and will prevent a master from hesitating to put questions where he fears that he may encounter ignorance, (a very common fault;) with that fastidious love of the sound and the genuine which would *compel* him, as a naturalist, to throw an imperfect or suspected specimen into the fire; or, as a mechanic, to pull his own work to pieces fifty times rather than knowingly leave it faulty. Let him possess a peculiar tact for the discovery of what are likely to be difficulties, and for the anticipation of early associations of thought; for thus he will be enabled to detect or to prevent

errors, of which another man would probably never have dreamt either of the danger or existence.

Let him be willing to build up, beginning from the beginning, giving each part its due weight, and not hurrying over those parts which happen to be peculiarly familiar to himself. Let him thoroughly enter into the ignorance of others, and so avoid forestalling his conclusions . . . for the best teachers are those who seem to forget what they know right well; who work out results which have become axioms in their own minds with all the interest of a beginner, and with footsteps no longer than his.

Essays written in Intervals of Business.

The following anecdote, which I copied from Lady Blessington's Life, or Jerdan's Autobiography, I forget at this moment which, ought to be written in letters of gold in every public department:—

“Sir T. Lawrence, when finishing with consummate care a picture intended for some semi-barbarous foreign court, was asked, why he took so much pains with a picture destined, perhaps, never to come under the eye of a connoisseur. ‘I cannot help it,’ he replied, ‘I do the best I can, unable, through a tyrant feeling that will not brook offence, to do any thing less.’ This is the ‘stalk of carl-hemp’ we want in public men.”

Others—the clergyman, for instance, when addressing an ignorant congregation—must indeed anticipate difficulties, and accommodate himself to weaknesses; but the schoolmaster must be perpetually shifting and adjusting, with nicety, a sliding-scale of intellectual condescension, applicable to all ages and states of progress.

THERE are some men on whose knowledge we cannot depend, and yet we may find it very unsafe, in argument, to calculate on their ignorance.



A FEELING of impassioned prejudice, extending through a whole people, seems often to have exerted a stronger influence, I will not say, than a sincere individual religion, but, certainly, than a professed national one. For I fancy that no one would trace mainly to religion the sobriety of the modern French and Italians, nor the continence of the ancient Germans in their forests, or the cruel Vandals in Africa ; points in which they far excelled modern protestant nations. What would some legislators give to explore the secret source of such national prejudices, and to enlist them !



MAN'S mind is like the eagle, sometimes soaring towards the sun, and sometimes stooping to carrion.



A LONG letter to, or converse with, a congenial friend, is one of the best things for dispersing vaporous troubles, and for throwing a vapour over substantial ones.



THE unity of the church is said to be as the unity “of stones fitly joined together.” Most churches show the joinings ; but the false semblance of most

perfect unity may be accomplished by a dash of *Roman* cement.

In speaking of the false unity of Rome, I do not want to bring forward the old but true stories of popes and antipopes, of recalcitrant councils, of monarchs most christian, most catholic, and most disobedient, of refractory republics like Venice, excommunicated, or not, as might suit the courage or convenience of the pope for the time being; of "ce vilain tribunal de l'Inquisition," as Pascal (a Roman Catholic) calls it in his nineteenth Provincial, and as Biscay and Sicily thought it, as they proved by refusing it admission. The Romanists are not even so much as sincerely united in their claim for unity. Hear La Bruyère:—

" Cette même Religion que les hommes defendent avec chaleur, et avec zèle, contre ceux qui en ont une toute contraire, ils l'altèrent eux-mêmes dans leur esprit par des sentimens particuliers. Ils y ajoutent et ils en retranchent mille choses souvent essentielles, selon ce qui leur convient, et ils demeurent fermes et inébranlables dans cette forme qu'ils lui ont donnée. Ainsi à parler populairement on peut dire d'une seule nation qu'elle vit sous un même culte, et qu'elle n'a qu'une même seule religion : mais à parler exactement, il est vrai qu'elle en a plusieurs, et que chacun presque y a la sienne."—*Charact.* chap. xvi.

If it should be asserted that La Bruyère was no judge, and no good catholic, it may be replied that he was at any rate good catholic enough to praise Richelieu in the following terms:—" Il a eu du temps en reste pour entamer un ouvrage, continué ensuite et achevé par l'un de nos plus grands et nos meilleurs princes l'extinction d'hérésie."

Charact. chap. x.

La Bruyère was a practical man, and said what he saw without ecclesiastical glosing. The fact is, we are continually meeting with diversities of various kinds. Who would have expected from Dryden, writing with all the zeal of a new convert, such a protest in favour of tolerance as that

which occurs in his poem written expressly in defence of the Roman Catholic Church?—

“Sure, of all tyrannies o’er human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind;
Let us but see at what offence we strike,
’Tis but because we do not think alike.”

Hind and Panther.

Look at the proviso in Sir Christopher Blunt’s confession:—

“And I beseech you all to bear witness that I die a catholic, *yet so*, as I hope to be saved only by the death and passion of Christ and by his merits, not ascribing anything to mine own works.”

BACON’S *Works, Confessions and other Evidences*, &c.

Hear Massillon himself censuring the magnificence of masses:—

“Car c’est de tout temps que la plupart des Princes et des grandes ont fait de la Religion un spectacle, les mystères les plus augustes et les plus terribles, égayés par tous les attraits d’une harmonie recherchée deviennent pour eux comme des jouissances profanes qui les amusent . . . Il faut que la Religion pour leur plaire emprunte les joies et tout l’appareil du siècle, et qu’*un spectacle digne des anges ait encore besoin de décorations pour être un spectacle digne d’eux.*”

Sermon, Vendredi Saint.

“I happened to say that in all professions and trades men affected an air of mystery. Physicians, I observed, in particular, were objects of that remark, who persist in prescribing in Latin, many times, no doubt, at the hazard of the patient’s life, through the ignorance of an apothecary. Mr. Throgmorton assented to what I said, and, turning to his chaplain, to my infinite surprise, said to him, *That is just as absurd as our praying in Latin.*”—COWPER’S *Letters*.

So much for real unity of opinion.

How sensible are Milton’s words on this subject:—

“As if while the temple was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should

be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry, and in the timber, ere the temple can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form: nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties, and brotherly dissimilitudes, that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure."

Areopagitica.

"We do not see that while we still affect, by all means, a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble, forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church, than many subdichotomies of petty schisms."—*Areopagitica.*

"The 'apparent unity' of the Roman Catholic Church," says Laing, in his 'Notes of a Traveller,' "has the same effect on the minds of the unreflecting as if it were real."

I have said nothing of conflicts of opinion which any one may see in Chillingworth. One more passage from Burnet:—

"I knew all this from Peter Walsh himself, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew among them. He was of Irish extraction and of the Franciscan order, and was indeed, in all points of controversy, almost wholly protestant; but he had *senses of his own*, by which he excused his adhering to the Church of Rome."

BURNET'S *History of his Own Time*, Book II.



WE are prone to judge others narrowly, by their particular acts: we like ourselves to be judged generously, by our spirit.

ONE reason why our old divines were generally better divines than the modern is, that they were better humanists. The pages of many of them are instinct with a deep knowledge of human nature, a point in which the majority of modern preachers seem generally deficient.



IF your sole object for reproving a person is to improve him, take care of the temper with which you reprove. Bad temper in the reprover is pretty sure to produce its offspring in the reprovèd.



IN spite of the general unjustifiableness of war, many wars may be conceived, as, for instance, a war to shield a weaker nation from a stronger, more honourable, and even more religious too, than a mere selfish peace for commercial purposes, with Mammon for its Messiah, and a day-book and ledger for its bible and prayer-book.



NOTWITHSTANDING a passage in the earlier part of this volume, I would say that we are much mistaken if we suppose the religion of the ancient Greeks to have been a mere religion of voluptuousness and self-indulgence. I know of few passages in any literature more pathetic and sublime than one which occurs at the close of the eighth book of Herodotus,

where the Athenians are resisting the temptations of Alexander to enlist themselves under the Persians, and to assist in subverting the liberties of Greece. They had already suffered from the ravages of the barbarian: they were in the extremest peril; a small band against an almost innumerable host: they had now the offer of liberty, protection, and an increase of power and territory. "Tell Mardonius that as long as the sun keeps his course we will never come to terms with Xerxes, but forth we will go to resist him, putting our trust in the Gods as our allies, and in our national heroes, for whom he having no reverence, hath burnt their temples and their statues; and you, Alexander, never present yourself again with such propositions to the Athenians." Mr. Hallam speaks of the three spirits of liberty, religion, and honour, as characterizing modern times (*Middle Ages*, III. 478); which of them was absent here? To find religion thus put prominently forward as the ground of a nation's confidence, we must go to the covenanters, or to the valleys of Piedmont, or to Ziska and his Bohemians.



HAZLITT expresses his surprise that that which has nothing humorous in itself becomes ludicrous if frequently repeated. The reason, no doubt, is that repetition gives a false air of magnitude and importance which contrasts strongly with the insignificance of the subject. Add to this the disposition

to laugh at the absurdity of the repeater. “ These things I am known to the courtiers by, it is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so and do expect it,” says a buffoon character in Ben Jonson, who always succeeds by a repetition of the same antics in exciting amusement.

As in Aristophanes’ *Frogs*, lines 1, 2 :—

Ξανθίας. Εἶπω τι τῶν εἰωθότων ὧ δέσποτα
 Ἐφ’ οἷς ἀεὶ γελῶσιν οἱ θεώμενοι.

However, if Hazlitt had not raised the question, I should never have thought of trying to solve it.



I NEVER happen to have seen a criticism, or any part of a criticism, directed against the use of old hack quotations ; is this from a certain sympathy of the critics for their own old servants, or disinterested tenderness towards the aged ?



THE conceptions of the mind are often like those of the Spartan matrons, greatly modified by the grandeur or meanness of the objects within its neighbourhood.

Καὶ μὴν ὧδε, Λάκωνες ἐπίφρονα μητίσαντο,
 Αἷσι φίλαις ἀλόχοις, ὅτε γαστέρα κυμαίνουσιν,
 Γράψαντες πινάκεσσι πέλαις θέσαν ἀγλαὰ κάλλη :

• • • • •

Τίκτουσιν τε καλοὺς ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ πεπτηγῆαι.

OPPIAN.

NOBILITY of birth is like a cypher; it has no power in itself, like wealth or talent: but it tells with all the power of a cypher when added to either of the other two.



EXCELLENT is the rule which has prevailed in some constitutional governments, that "grievances should be redressed before granting supplies;" and unhappy the father of a family who, with an extravagant wife, careless servants, and fractious children, is obliged to grant the supplies in the first instance, and that with little hope of seeing the grievances redressed.



WHY should insincerities be permitted or practised in the pulpit, which, if anywhere else, would either not be uttered or immediately exposed? Such is the wish which some preachers express that men would be consistent Christians, or at once give up all profession of church membership. Yet they would be horrified to be taken at their word, for even the imperfect form a kind of barrier for the perfect, and the decent hedge in the devout. Few would like to find themselves confronted at once by the naked power of evil, in all its forms; but they know their wish is impossible, for there will always be the halfwon and the backsliding.

GIVE everybody that you have to deal with, in the first instance, a fair chance ; and do not, if possible, suffer yourself to be prevented from doing so by any prejudice about his person or parentage. I say this, surprised that Arnold maintains the contrary. He says, in one of his letters, that the child of a convict ought not to be dealt with like the child of honest parents : not that I believe Arnold would have acted on his own words, had the child of a convict been accidentally sent to Rugby.

The visitation of the sins of the parents on the children, declared in the Bible, visible in nature, is one of the greatest mysteries : it was this, probably, that led the old Stoics boldly to declare that “ Nature herself is not just” (*Montaigne*). It is the last point in which fallible man has any business to imitate or rather to ape the dealings of Providence ; besides, in other ways the argument will not hold. A child, perhaps, quite as often inherits the character of its ancestors as of its immediate parents, often far more. Now suppose a man, from some gust of passion, or overwhelming temptation, commits a crime ; being himself the descendant of a long line of unsullied forefathers, and there are thousands of such cases : have you any right to presuppose in this man’s child such an amount of *ingenerate* evil as to separate him from his kind ? Certainly not.

I suspect Arnold, like a great many very kind men, expended much of his severity in talk, as mean men exhaust their charity, and irresolute men their

resolution, in the same way. He says elsewhere : “ Truth and justice would be the idols which I should follow, . . . and whilst worshipping them, reverence, and humility, and tenderness, might very likely be forgotten.” Here, again, probably he does not know himself: Arnold’s tenderness might have been as much trusted as that of any man; all the more, probably, because he says the contrary.

Letters CXXXIII and CXXXVI.



SURELY, when speaking of literature, we ought no longer to talk of the age of Elizabeth, but of the age of Shakespeare and Bacon; not of the age of Anne, but that of Pope and Swift. What is the cause of the clusters of great men that have formed themselves each under the most varied, national, and political circumstances; and, in spite of all that is said, often, I believe, irrespective of them? Take the groups in the age of Louis XIV. in France—that which preceded the French Revolution; Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Johnson, again, in England. Enough is not put down to the account of ambition, imitation, inspiration; all produced by one or two men of genius arising, we scarcely know why, at certain periods, and exciting all worthy and susceptible minds that come into contact with them to the greatest degree of which their nature is capable; they are of good metal, and gain magnetic power only from friction with the loadstone (*Emerson*). One or two

men of genius are the principal stars, and minor ones, from their contiguity and from reflected light, help to form the constellation, who would have shone but dimly by themselves. The style of the great masters tells on all men of capacity around them, and wonderfully stimulates their intellect and industry. So it is in a minor way even at schools; look at Busby's scholars of the same date—a perfect galaxy; far more, doubtless, from action and reaction on each other than from any other cause.



WALTER SCOTT in his yacht voyage tells us that a superstition prevails in the Hebrides, that, if you save a man from drowning, he will, sooner or later, do you a mischief. Have we never any reason for entertaining such a superstition in England?



THE weak man is constantly fluttering between suspicion about the conduct of others, and vast surprise even if his suspicions are verified. The wise man is less troubled with suspicions, and has read too much and seen too much to be greatly surprised at anything when it comes.



NEXT to the talent for administration and superintendence, comes the talent for quick adaptation to the unexpected for making the best of things as they are put into your hands; hence woman's great

readiness, her superior natural gift, continually developed by her circumstances. Many men would be driven mad if they were exposed to the same despotic caprices, sudden changes of plan, &c. to which they frequently subject their wives; who thus are obliged to learn the wisdom of expedients. No wonder they often sigh for the generally forbidden fruit of power, and would sacrifice, or fancy they would be ready to sacrifice, pleasure or anything else for it.



ENGLAND is not the only country which has allowed the rich—thanks to bad laws or foolish magistrates—to compensate, by a trifling fine, for gross personal outrage. “The rude jurisprudence of the decemvirs had confounded all hasty insults which did not amount to the fracture of a limb, by condemning the aggressor to the common penalty of twenty-five *asses* . . . and the insolence of a wealthy Roman indulged himself in the cheap amusement of breaking and satisfying the law of the twelve tables. Veratius ran through the streets, striking on the face the inoffensive passengers, and his attendant purse-bearer immediately silenced their clamours by the legal tender of twenty-five pieces of copper, about the value of a shilling.” (*Gibbon*, chap. XLIV.)

With all our improvements we still evidently fall very short of the Romans in the article of “outrage made easy.” It is only right to add that the cheapness of the amusement was owing to the gradual de-

preciation of the Roman *as*—and Roman character. The insolence of the patrician youth had, no doubt, to be curbed at an early period; but I think we hear of no regular Roman mohawks before the time of Juvenal. For a description of the English ones, see Swift and the Spectator.



THE Germans have no shame of pedantry; the French have no shame of enthusiasm; the English are ashamed of both, or of their appearances, about equally, and that to an absurd degree.



THE epistolary correspondence of great men, as it occupies a ground between conversation and set formal writing, including, too, as it generally does, both narrative and sentiment, often proves an excellent model of style, particularly when the writer's eye has not been directed to after-publication; for, whatever amount of the diction of display a man of sense might choose to present to the general reader, decency and respect for a really appreciating friend will almost invariably lead him to express even his best thoughts in the plainest manner he can command; carelessness there may be, familiarity there will be, sometimes almost to the amount of flippancy: but none of these faults would be deemed such an insult to the sense of a friend as verbose grandeur. Their letters, then, give the best insight into the real feelings and the *mutual understanding of men of sense* on this subject.

STRANGE does it seem, and yet there is no question of the fact, that it would be quite possible, in the case of certain orators, so to arrange an audience, three by three, that the bystander might perceive every first man of the three almost in an apoplexy with suppressed laughter ; every second staring with open-mouthed admiration ; and every third melting into tears : and there need be no further reason for this great difference than the entire disproportion between the ideas and the words of the speaker, perceived by the first man, unperceived by the second and third. It is allowed by all mental philosophers that the principal source of the ludicrous is the juxtaposition of the grand and the mean, and this contrast is never more likely to produce a ridiculous effect than in the case where meagre thoughts are united with bloated expression.



THOSE who can use truly beautiful language know best when to leave it alone, whereas those who use the sham beautiful never know when to leave *it* alone.



AFTER all that has been said above, there is, nevertheless, something suspicious about that doctrine which would make the most absolute plainness, under all circumstances the highest attribute of style. Crafty poverty is, of course, interested in praising plainness ; and, again, many will commend a style cold and unimpressive, because it seems to show a

more than ordinarily accurate discernment to see merit where the great majority of readers cannot possibly discover any. Those who affect this fastidious love of plainness where brilliancy would be legitimate, and often very acceptable, belong to the class who, to evidence their taste in dress, keep to black, “*l'éternelle élégance des gens qui ne savent pas s'habiller* ;” and though possibly themselves the authors of works of much general merit, have, somehow or other, just managed to escape writing a single memorable sentence : these men, if they dared, would bring their pocket microscopes to bear upon the grandest authors of England, and handle their foot-rule over the *Areopagitica*. The trades of Florence reduced the nobility from their order before they granted them a voice in the commonwealth ; but, by stripping them of their titles and distinctions, degraded them into a capacity for honour. There are critics who would have no objection to act in the same manner.



THE following would not be a bad recipe for bellicose journalists, should the wars and invasions ever take place which some of them are rather reckless in invoking or provoking :—

“ Another volunteer, a writing-master, assumed for his march what has been termed ‘ a professional cuirass,’ namely, two quires of long foolscap paper, which he tied round his valiant bosom ; but still, for

fear of accidents, wrote upon them as follows:—
‘This is the body of John Mac Lure; pray give it
Christian burial.’”—LORD MAHON’S *History of
England*, Note.



WE are told in this history, too, that, in 1745, there was such a run on the Bank of England that it only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences in order to gain time—a kind of process not uncommon with many writers and speakers, with rather an opposite effect as regards credit.



IN early times men’s characters, like their castles, were often built on the rude and undressed crag, and out of it; its points, accidents, and inequalities, regulating their structure. Wilfulness, and a strong useful will, are of the same material; only the latter is squared by the iron of law and discipline, and put into a regular and serviceable shape. The rock is now levelled to begin with, and the superstructure can be formed out of its materials on any given plan, since both are regular. So with modern life and character; of course, I speak only generally and comparatively.



SOMETIMES our apologies are worse than our offences. Listen to the Earl of Kildare’s, when called to account by Henry the Eighth for having burnt the church of Cashel:—“Une des charges articulées contre lui était d’avoir brûlé l’église de Cashel.

Kildare, interrogé sur ce fait sacrilège, avoua l'avoir commis ; ' mais,' il ajouta pour son excus, ' je croyais que l'archevêque s'y trouvait ;'—' I thought the archbishop was in it.' ”

Histoire d'Irlande par REGNAULT.



IT is generally only in great minds that we see great inconsistencies of character : the rest are more of a piece, and one quality seems to drag another after it. Julius Cæsar is a remarkable instance of what I mean.



IT might do the Americans and the French, who are now the great votaries of the duel, some good if they would read the close of the eighteenth chapter of the second book of Montaigne, and the middle of the twenty-seventh chapter of the same book ; the former would show them that verbal provocations were not considered mortal affronts by the Greeks and Romans, who were, in a worthy cause, at least as valiant as themselves ; and the second, that great acquired skill with the weapons of the duel, in the days of Henry IV, was considered such a mark of cowardice and of trying to gain an unfair advantage, that those who practised for the duel did so covertly.



So close is the connection between the physical and the mental, that it would be both natural and reasonable, *à priori*, to expect mental talent to bear

some proportion with a fine physical organization, and high animal spirits and vigour, though here we must admit this marked exception, namely, that a cold calm temperament is favourable to close abstract reasoning; witness the instances of Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Butler, Jonathan Edwards: who had some of them, by their own confession, scarcely fire and animation enough to give even fluency to their themes. Now if, according to a very common remark, great corporal and great mental advantages are seldom found together, what are the reasons? Amongst others, this, I think, may be a substantial one. The great majority of mankind are content to be popular and accepted at as cheap a rate as possible: where this object is attained, as it frequently is, by a naturally animated manner, by the good nature that frequently attends upon perfect health, and a pleasant exterior, a man is easily contented to be superficial; whilst others are obliged to seek for a radiance which shall rather shine through them than flash like gold-leaf from their surface. Add the distractions of pleasure and the passions, to which a fine physical organization is often more exposed.



A BUD is generally a more elegant and complimentary offering than a full-blown or over-blown flower. If you wish your idea to expand, do not let the whole process of expansion take place in your own writing, or conversation; leave part of it for

the mind of your hearer or reader. Especially if you wish to act upon a deep mind, leave the gunpowder to explode within, and beneath, as in a mine—it is enough to light the train. In other cases, as when the object is to blow down the gates of a city, you may allow the whole explosion to take place from the outside, and on the surface. In connection with this I may quote a passage from Bacon:—

“ In a set speech in an assembly it is expected a man should use all his reasons in the case he handleth, but in private persuasions it is a great error.”—*Colours of Good and Evil.*



THE English are said to love high birth for its own sake; perhaps this is rather questionable. Put a lord down in any middle-class society, with indisputable proofs of his nobility, and with indisputable proofs also that he is only worth one hundred pounds a year, and *never likely to be worth more*, and we may fairly doubt whether he would be even as much respected as the curate of the parish, what with the sense of pity and that of disproportion.



BALZAC speaks sarcastically of the secret imbecilities of the government, and the high comedy of the administration. (*La Maison Nucingen.*) We have also a lower one, which often lasts as long as a modern Japanese dramatic performance, or an old Athenian one, with its trilogy, and Cycloplan afterpiece, only

it extends through the night instead of the day. The following may be a useful hint for cutting down the piece. We would suggest then, that a black board, like those used in some schools, only vastly larger, should be placed in some conspicuous situation in the House of Commons. A mixed committee of the most experienced members might beforehand easily settle the really valid and important arguments, *pro* and *con.*, on often-debated public questions, as the ballot, or Maynooth, and abbreviate and arrange them under heads which might then be chalked in large letters on the right and left hand of the board, and numbered; an honourable member might then, instead of taking up the time of the house with vapid repetition, simply observe: "The arguments which I would wish to urge upon the notice of the House are numbers two, five, and six." An usher would then instantly point with a long rod—a light, stiff, four or five jointed bamboo fishing-rod would serve the purpose well—to the numbers in question. An opponent might immediately rise and reply: "I am indebted to number nine especially for the conviction which has led me to take a view of the question totally different from that of my honourable friend." As this process might grow rather dull, and finish off public business with undignified, and even indecent rapidity, the following variations might be admitted: "With the Speaker's permission, I think I could illustrate number thirteen with a very apt simile." "I have one or two ascertained facts to

allege, which must have escaped the notice of the honourable framers of the board." "Will the House lend me its attention for a rather good joke, which will, I think, fit number three admirably?" He might thus obtain something fresh and real, the *incubi* would have no opportunity of squatting themselves (the expression is Milton's) on a drowsy house, and we should get to know who were the ready, acute, well-informed, and original members of our legislature. At the hustings, and at agricultural dinners, the honourable members might express their convictions in all their plenitude. The success which has attended my suggestion of another kind of board mentioned in this volume tempts me to offer this.



FILICAIA, the Italian poet, calls the inkstand, "The poison cup of the monster Oblivion." It is indeed the true "amreeta cup of immortality," but by no means to all who make use of it—that is entirely a matter of constitution.



SOME families have in them an angel whose presence heals, by *calming* the waters.



"NEC quarta loqui persona laboret;"—"Let not a fourth personage struggle to speak." This is a mere stage-direction of Horace's, but would be a very good one for some private societies.

It is a common thing, with some people, to fancy that nothing can by any possibility be very important about which they are permitted to know nothing. I am not here speaking so much about the conceit which often accompanies the various departments of knowledge and the sciences, as about the common affairs of human life. A vulgar, but often successful way of getting at a secret, is to dilate upon its probable unimportance.



WHATEVER our profession or employment may be, it is far less offensive, and wiser too, honestly to smell of the shop, than to cover yourself with odours and essences, which, only half disguising it, make a most disagreeable mixture.



THE one-sided, violent, vociferating, advocate of an opinion, or party, may be useful in dragging over the multitude; but he who has had something of a leaning towards the opposite side, with some sympathy for its views, and a thorough comprehension of its arguments, is likely to make the most valuable and enlightened converts. Calamy, perhaps even Calvin, would probably have failed to reconvert Chillingworth from popery; yet this was actually accomplished, as Chillingworth himself states, by the arguments of Laud.

Laud—whom Macaulay represents as an idiotic old bigot,* and whom one party in the church is now

fond of abusing as a Jesuit and papist in disguise—undoubtedly in some points agreed with the Romanists,† and yet he won back for the Protestants one of their favourite and most stalwart champions.

* Lord Macaulay's list of weaknesses is certainly an awkward one. "Minuting down his dreams, counting the drops of blood that fell from his nose, watching the direction of the salt, and listening for the note of the screech-owl," form items in Laud's Diary. (MACAULAY'S *Review of Hallam's Constitutional History*.) But a mere fool could not have reconverted a Chillingworth. Indeed, in that age of superstitions, little inference can be drawn from any number of them existing in the same mind, and no man knows this better than Lord Macaulay. We have the Wottons believing in dreams; Baxter and Hale in witches; Cecil wasting money on alchemy; Bacon countenancing all kinds of absurdities in his *Natural History*; Luther throwing inkstands at the Devil,—all about this time or at an era not widely removed from it, besides endless instances of the same kind which it would require no great labour to collect.

† Laud, on his trial, confessed that he had been offered a Cardinal's hat, but added that he had refused it, feeling "that something dwelt in him which would not suffer him to accept the offer till Rome was otherwise than now it was." He further owned that he had often "wished for a reconciliation between the Churches of England and Rome in a quiet and Christian way, and had long been endeavouring to effect it." GODWIN'S *Commonwealth*, chap. III.



THERE is nothing more ruinous to a man, especially to a public man, than to have *really too much* given him to do. It utterly destroys that principle of thoroughness by which every man in office ought to be not merely influenced, but inspired.

He may commence with the most honest and earnest desire to do his work completely ; but he must end with *scamping* it, or turning it over to others, and so gradually lose that interest in it which no man can long maintain when he is compelled to let his practice fall immeasurably below his theory. It will be well indeed, if, from the necessity of letting many things take their chance, he is not led into the habit of letting nearly everything do so. It is still more ruinous to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure they can accomplish with moderate industry ; it not only tends to make their minds superficial, but, what is still less thought of, their characters slippery, slip-shod, and slip-slop.



AT first we must be contented to take things by halves. It is curious to watch the first turn of the tide. “ Redwald of East Anglia built an altar to Christ, in the same temple where the sacrifices to Odin were performed ; but even this strange combination of worship had the effect of drawing the attention of his East Anglians to the Christian faith.” (TURNER, *Anglo Saxons*, vol. I. chap. vii.) “ From the pulpit the priest might be heard, at Wittenburgh, to thunder against the mass as idolatrous, and then he might be seen to come down to the altar and go scrupulously through the prescribed form of service.” (D'AUBIGNE'S *Reformation in Germany*, B. IX.) There are many instances of the same kind, but these are cited as strong ones.

IN some respects, as far as capacity and mental condition go, the young may possess some advantages over the more mature; but then each of these is counterbalanced by a corresponding defect. Is the memory at once strong and impressible? it is also indiscriminating. Is the attention eager and easily attracted? for the same reason it is diverted no less easily. Are the perceptions quick? they generally want steadiness and accuracy. If the boy has no discouraging sense of the boundlessness of knowledge, it is because he does not see it in its connections. If he is free from that sickening and delusive feeling of its uselessness, which often, for a time, almost paralyzes the man, it is because he rarely views knowledge with an eye to its utility.



“CAVE hominem unius libri;”—“Beware of the man of one book,” says the old Latin proverb. Yes, and in one more sense besides that intended by the proverbialist; for such a man is not only likely to be very dangerous on his own ground, but very tiresome. There are few more curious phenomena in the world of mind than that of a man, and a sensible man, making an eternal companion of one printed volume, a Virgil, for instance, long after his mind has drawn all the knowledge or improvement from it which it is capable of affording.



THERE is no truer test of affection and admiration than that of being kissed in sleep; but, unfortunately,

it is one of which the receiver is not conscious : for to be kissed out of it is, though often, not always, quite so sincere or disinterested.



THERE are no troubles like domestic ones for driving men to suicide or the bottle. In spite of the superior comforts of married life, there are as many or more suicides amongst married men than amongst bachelors, to judge from the public accounts.



“ I SERVE ” is a royal motto, and the Pope formally announces himself “ the servant of servants : ” it is only the really powerful who can afford thus “ *afficher l’humilité.* ”



THERE are some historians who describe mere externals so well, that they resemble telescopes which bring distant groups so near us that we almost see their lips move, and expect every moment to hear them speak, but in vain. There are others whose pages resemble those thick mists—conductors of sound—in which we hear men talking, and reasoning or quarrelling, distinctly, close at hand, but without discovering a single lineament of their persons.



THE self-educated have as much dislike to the pedigree of words as the self-elevated to the pedigree of persons.

EVERY national or social preference or prejudice is perpetually striving to divert particular words from the service of universal truth, and to make them subserve its private purposes ; thus such words as “ liberal ” and “ conservative ” become terms of reproach, each of them signifying, to the vulgar, ignorant, and violent of the opposite party, everything that is bad and contemptible. The first confusion of language was owing to resistance to the Deity : a second Babel is produced by the mutual enmities of mankind. There is, probably, not a language in Europe which has not been positively damaged by the distortions and perversions left in it by party-spirit.



THE wings of a bachelor’s freedom and inconstancy are sometimes preferred to the chains of conjugal roses. But afterwards, when

“ Young delight, like any o’erblown flower,”

has

“ Shed, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground,”

(HOOD.)

those leaves, though no longer fresh, often preserve their odour ; and, if tolerably free from thorns, form a pleasanter couch for age to recline upon than the fallen plumes of celibate liberty.



WHAT an amazing rebuff we often meet with when addressing something to the mind of another which, from its truth, we fancy must necessarily find an echo there. One Tavannes, who had assisted in the mas-

sacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when asked on his deathbed whether he repented of it, replied, that, so far from repenting of it, he considered it an atonement for all the other sins of his life. (*Sully.*)



LET a reflecting man be very cautious how he changes a course of action founded on deliberation and on a knowledge of his own circumstances, character, and temperament, at the persuasion even of his best friends. He often yields, distrusting his own judgment; and knowing the purity and sincerity of their motives to be such that he might almost fancy them the providence-inspired guides which they think themselves to be. It has been said, "Every man (i. e. every sensible man) can see farther along his own path than others can see for him." Many will dispute the maxim, but I believe it to be in the main true.

Those that look on
See more than those that play.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

This is such an universally applied proverb, that it is just as well to give those who are constantly plied with it one or two countercharges.

Sir William Temple quotes a Spanish proverb, which says:—"A fool often sees more in his own house than a wise man in his neighbour's."

Barrow gives interfering people a good scolding, and adds:—

"Each man is apt to study his own business, to weigh his case, to poise his abilities with the circumstances in which he standeth; and thence is likely to get righter notions of the state of his affairs, to descry better ways of accomplishing them than others less regarding them can do. Every

man is best acquainted with his own humour and temper, and thence can pick his business, and wind the management of it so that it shall comply with them, or not grate upon them. However, as every man in point of interest and honour is most concerned in success, and suffereth most by frustration of his endeavours, so it is equal that a free choice of his proceedings be allowed him, without impediment or disturbance, which enjoying, he will more contentedly bear any disappointment that shall happen.

Sermon, Of Quietness and Doing our Business.

Even in the sacred case of affectionate relatives and friends, the exquisite and keen-sighted words of Miss Barrett's (Mrs. Browning's) "valediction," are often true:—

"Can I teach thee, my beloved?—can I teach thee?

If I say, Go left or right,

The counsel would be light,

The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee:

My right would show like left,

My raising would depress thee,

My choice of light would blind thee,

Of way would leave behind thee,

Of end would leave bereft;

Alas! I can but bless thee.

Can I bless thee, my beloved?—can I bless thee?

What blessing word can I

From mine own tears keep dry?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?

My good reverts to ill,

My calmnesses would move thee,

My softnesses would prick thee,—

My bindings up would break thee,

My crownings curse and kill;

Alas! I can but love thee,

May God bless thee, my beloved: may God bless thee!"



TIMIDITY is a defect which we are at once inclined to despise, pity, and forgive, as something inherent and incurable: we often extend the same

contemptuous pardon to its immediate and *apparent* consequences. Yet, in some form or other, it exerts its influence over nearly all men, and a vast number of the actions to which we extend no such charity, and for which we fancy we see very different motives, might be traced to it ultimately.



THERE are some persons whose versatility, quickness, and power of adaptation remind us of the chameleon in three respects: this creature has a double brain; also, it can look upwards with one eye, and downwards or sideways with the other, at the same moment; and it can change its colour according to what is in its immediate neighbourhood. Yet, after all, it lives merely on flies and air, and is neither a beautiful nor an estimable animal.



THE activity of circulation, respiration, and the vital principle in most amphibious animals, (the middle grade of animal life,) is in proportion to the temperature in which they are placed: so it is the medium intellect which is most affected by the surrounding social or intellectual atmosphere; the highest often requires little warming, and the lowest is susceptible of none.



AND, by way of diversion, whilst speaking of creatures of this description, Murray, in his experimental researches, tells us of a tortoise, at Peter-

borough, which was two hundred and twenty years old, and had lived through seven successive bishops. If it takes seven bishops to live through one tortoise, how many turtles does it take to live through one alderman?



MERE utility at last turns towards the beautiful, as we observe in decorative art; and the loftiest kinds of physical science border both on the poetical and the moral. Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," sets up an invidious comparison between the useful arts and the beautiful: this seems an impiety to human nature. The lower animals practise almost every kind of constructive art for their own pleasure, comfort, or protection. We have no reason to suppose that any animal shares with man his sense of the beautiful for its own sake.

The following passage occurs in the preface to the "English Repetitions," on the subject of the depoetising effect of science. I hope I may be excused for introducing it here, as the preface will not probably be reprinted, not being a necessary part of the work referred to:—

"Amongst other unfavourable influences, the pursuits and progress of science have been represented as somewhat opposed to the emotions of taste . . . I cannot refrain from citing two passages curiously contrasted with reference to the subject which we are now considering:—

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven,
We know her woof and texture, she is given .
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line."—KEATS.

An earlier poet has said :—

“ Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow’s vermeil-tinctured hues
To me have shown so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams, gleaming from the west,
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient.”

AKENSIDE.

The former may be considered the better poetry; but test them as you please, the latter, I think, is nearer the truth. The cultivated mind can, when it pleases, detach the minute calculations of science from its grand results. Are our modern poets less warm in their admiration of nature than those who knew less of her secrets? Amongst our earlier writers, did Milton, because he knew more of the depths, lose any of the beauties of the surface? Would Virgil have uttered his “*felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*” had he thought that what was gained to philosophy would be lost to poetry. If Lucretius could find, in a dry creed of accident, an occasion for introducing the noblest strains of the Roman muse, what may be expected from the magnificent harmonies of modern philosophy? The admiration of Nature is not an earthly fire that it should languish under the keen light of science: the same ethereal source which illumines, warms us. Those who anticipate a higher state of being may well believe, that as the urn of knowledge is filled, its eternal overflowings will feed the sister-urn of admiration and love.

I will quote some further evidence on Keats’s side of the question, still without being persuaded that the largeness and the harmonies of extended laws can be alien from the beautiful and sublime :—

• “ *La Nature était mon Armide ;
Dans ses jardins j’errais surpris,
Mais un chimiste moins timide
Règne en vainqueur sur leurs débris :*

Dans son fourneau rien qu'il ne jette,
Des gaz il poursuit le concours ;
Ma fée y perdrait sa baguette :
Muses, restez, restez amours.

“ J'ai regret aux contes de vieille,
Quand un docteur dit, qu'à sa voix
Les morts lui viennent à l'oreille
De la vie expliquer les lois.
De la lampe il voit la nature,
Les ressorts, le fond, les contours.
Je n'en veux voir que la lumière,
Muses, restez, restez amours.

“ Enfin aux calculs qu'on entasse,
Si les cieux n'obéissaient pas !
Plus d'une erreur passe et repasse
Entre les branches d'un compas.
Un siècle a changé la physique,
Nos temps sont féconds en retours,
Je crains qui le soleil n'abdique :
Muses, restez, restez amours.”

BERANGER, *Les Sciences*.

At any rate I have given the adversary a fair chance by quoting this sweet song. I will only cite the conclusion of a long passage of the Italian poet, Pindemonte :—

“ Me ne dite il perche ? svanisce tosto l'incanto.”
And

“ On peut tout disenchanter, à force d'érudition.”

JOUY, *Ermite, &c.*

Macaulay has some excellent remarks on their side of the question at the commencement of his review of Milton. Robert Hunt's "Poetry of Science" I have never read, though I ought to have done so.



THOSE who fancy themselves omniscient as to the motives of others, are often not a whit the less positive after having found themselves fifty times mistaken.

WHEN we find great natural courtesy in the poor, we only find it in company with superior native sense, or great tenderness of feeling.



IF you fail of making people feel, the next best thing is to try to make them *know*; perhaps the following passage, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and no King," will explain what is here meant, or illustrate it:—

Mark how she weeps;
How well it doth become her, and if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

But very often the real cause of want of sympathy is mere want of knowledge of circumstances.



THERE are many who are directing all their labour to obtain a greater accuracy in detail, while what they really want is a broader field of view, which they are capable of taking if anyone would put them on the proper track.



MANY people who have no patience with or pity for the stronger sensual passions, are eternally attentive to the details of ease, or some paltry epicurism, to which the temptation, at the strongest, must be comparatively trifling.

WHAT is called ill nature, and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.



No matter how religious a man may be, if he is naturally weak, the narrowness of his intellect is pretty sure to show itself in some point of conduct, as surely as original ill-breeding, no matter what a person's acquirements, is certain to peep out somewhere.



Do not fancy that your judgment or your condemnation of an individual is correct, because you happen to be able to express it in biblical language; the expression does not give truth to its application. Some individuals, with the slightest possible knowledge of the circumstances or motives of others, seem to fancy that it does. An address from a pulpit is different; there, from among the multitude of hearers, the anathema, or the caution, may fall on some to whom it is really applicable.



THE essentials of consistent and unvarying politeness are, benevolence, perception, and a perpetual self-command and readiness for self-sacrifice; a command over our thoughts, not to indulge a train of them in silence so as to make us forgetful to attend either to the wants or conversation of others; over

our own conversation; not to direct it to topics which may possibly be offensive, or so to estimate its value, as to interrupt that of others either when commencing or in full course; over our appetites, so as not to give our own palates the preference; over our very cares and sorrows, so as not to inundate a whole society with our gloom; over our curiosity, so as to be neither pertinacious nor impertinent in our inquiries. Alas! who is equal to all these things?

Perhaps the severest rebuke which can be administered to the uncivil and rude, who consider themselves candid, and who choose to say what is calculated to hurt the feelings of others because they always "speak their mind;" at any rate the rebuke which they are most likely to feel, is Swift's:—

"The common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of *those who have weak understandings.*"

Treatise on Good Manners.

The reader will see that in the text I have made some little addition to what I believe to be the best extant description, or definition, of politeness. "It is," says Dr. Thos. Brown, "nothing more than knowledge of the human mind, directing general benevolence."

Philosophy of the Human Mind, Lecture iv.



WE are reminded of the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi when a good and evil disposition meet in marriage; it is oftener the turbid that discolours the pure, than the clear which purifies the turbid.



How is it that when we hear an unsuccessful attempt at mimicry, or imitation, the effect is not ludicrous but one of the most painful and embarrassing

which we can experience? This is the more curious, because there is no sympathy, the person principally concerned being generally quite unconscious of his failure, and the attempt being almost always gratuitous. The source of this disagreeable feeling may be worth investigating, because, on reflection, it seems altogether out of proportion with the cause.



MANY people complain of the captious and contradictory as the most disagreeable in conversation and society. An infinitely more disagreeable class are petty satirists, half in jest, and half in earnest; neither rude enough to give you an excuse for a rupture, nor witty enough to atone for their impertinence by their ability.



Do not be guilty of the too common trick of parading your happiness, and trying to increase it by contrast with the wants of others.

Il est toujours sûr, qu'on ne fait point de montre de sa félicité sans faire aux autres une espèce d'insulte, dont on se sent satisfait.—FONTENELLE, *Dialogues des Morts*.

Si reduce
A parer a noi, felici,
Ogni lor felicità.

METASTASIO.

“Be not,” to use the words of Shakespeare, “too proud as an enjoyer” (*Sonnets*.) Remember prudent happiness dreads and shuns envy; perfect happiness does not want it; generous and noble happiness would be violated by it.

IN some tranquil and apparently amiable natures there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.



WHERE persuasion is the object, we might expect earnestness to be always attended with fervour. Compare, as instances, Donne, (in his prose,) or Chalmers, with Arnold; it is almost impossible to be more earnest, and less fervid than the latter.



THE light of the sun is accompanied with heat; and with excessive heat there is mirage: that of the intellect *generally* with coolness and clearness. Observe the extreme calmness and sublime moderation of the highest minds, of such men as Shakespeare, Aristotle, Bacon, Hooker.

Milton, who was too passionate in politics, reserved his temperance for philosophy. Whilst Bacon was speaking positively, in his "Interpretation of Nature," against alchemy and the new system of astronomy, Milton modestly says of the alchemist that

" he can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest ore to purest gold;"

and, as regards the solar system, will not decide

" Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance."



THE appearance of earnestness and enthusiasm takes off much of the unpleasantness of egotism.

Even the vainest man dares not be enthusiastic about himself, nor about his opinion, simply on the ground that it is *his*. Zeal for his subject can make one forget all the capital I's of an Erskine; and full conviction makes even positiveness respectable: because we are conscious that a man cannot, at the same moment, have his mind full of himself and of a subject which is not himself.

Lord Erskine is said, on one occasion, to have been excessively indignant with his printer, because one of his pamphlets was not ready at the appointed time. The printer excused himself by saying, that really he was very sorry, but that all the capital I's were exhausted.



AND before leaving this topic, Lord Macaulay says, in his "Review of Moore's Life of Byron:"—"We never could very clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing." The reason seems to be this. In conversation the person is present, makes a more direct call on our admiration, and interferes more imperiously with our own egotism. When we take up a book, we have determined to resign ourselves, for the time, to the author; and, in certain cases, are pleased to hear as much of himself and his opinions as possible: at the same time it may very fairly be doubted whether *all* egotistic writing is popular.



THERE are three motives for finding fault. For the sake of finding fault; or, when the faults of

others are a cause of personal inconvenience to ourselves; or, when we aim at the perfection of those with whom we find fault. The last motive is the best; for two reasons: because it is the most unselfish, and requires the most perfection in the fault-finder; but children are generally so selfish themselves, that they will not believe in the third motive; nor, indeed, is it often found pure from the other two.

Those who are least anxious about your conduct are not those who love you most.—BURKE, *Economical Reform*.

Such love is never blind, but rather
 Alive to every the minutest spot
 That mars its object, and which hate, (supposed
 So vigilant and searching,) knows not of;
 Love broods on such—what then? In the first case,
 Is there no sweet strife to forget, to change,
 To overflush those blemishes with all
 The glow of goodness they cannot disturb,
 To make those very defects an endless source
 Of new affection, grown from hopes and fears?

BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*.



THOSE who persist in following inflexibly their own course of action, and those who love to exercise their power in forcing a course of action upon others, are both wilful; but the latter class the most so. Yet they are generally the most popular, because they have more of the social spirit; besides, many people have a kind of fancy for being driven.

IN this age of speed, when we travel thirty miles an hour, are we less impatient to be at the end of our journey than when we travelled ten? In this age of cheapness, are we more satisfied with our bargains, or more benevolent with our surplus than formerly?



IT is only the weaker passions and propensities of our nature that are much influenced in themselves, I do not say in their manifestations, by precept and example; and in the cases where the latter are operative, it is generally by reaction from the outward conduct, at first compulsory, to the inward principle.



IN the Gospel we hear of the expulsion of dumb devils; but where a man is possessed by other devils—that of calumny, for instance—the addition of a dumb devil would be a blessing, at any rate, to others.



TO give moral subjects their true relief, you require, as in the stereoscope, to look at once through two glasses—that of the intellect, and that of the heart.



EACH of the sexes has certain instincts, feelings, and modes of view into which the other can never thoroughly enter, no matter how long or how close the intimacy: and, in regard to these points, there is more sisterhood or sisterly sympathy among women, than brotherhood among men. It is on this

principle that Mariolatry in the Romish Church mainly depends. Women, according to their various circumstances, look for sympathy to the Virgin, the most happy mother, the most sorrowful mother.



WOMEN naturally conceal the softer passion ; and those who openly sacrifice themselves to it are generally disliked by the rest, not only as sinners, but as traitors to the dignity of the sex.



AND the general want of sympathy, in their own sex, towards those who fall, is their heaviest condemnation, being, as it were, a witness taken from the consciousness of the whole sex, measuring the powers of temptation, and the powers and motives of resistance.



YET One, who represented entire humanity, and knew, though he did not feel all its weaknesses, showed more mercy and condescension to three women who had fallen than to any other description of offenders. It will be said, in answer, that he purposely selected the most sinful as examples of his mercy. Unfortunately for this theory, he chose one thief, but *not* one murderer, calumniator, or hypocrite. Then the numerical difference perhaps was a mere matter of accident—indeed !

It was the Pharisaical Jews who applied the word “sinner,” *par emphasis*, to one of them, just as people now absurdly limit

the term "immoral." Dante uses it in the same special manner :—

"Quale del bulicame esce l'ruscello
Che portan, poi tra lor le peccatrice."

Inferno, Canto xiv.



MEN, moving as they do in a wider sphere, see more exceptional cases, and are generally more merciful in their judgments than women, and this is shown especially in old age; besides, though men have infinitely less tenderness, they have more liberality than women: by liberality here, of course, I do not mean pecuniary generosity.



WITH what astounding indifference do some people talk about this or that nation, this or that individual, being sacrificed as examples—or for the sake of some grand result, or some general progress. The very selfishness which is implied in this indifference is the best proof that they themselves would have the most excessive objection to be selected to enact the part of examples or sacrifices.



SOMETIMES a single scientific discovery makes a religion impossible. Thus the detection of the infinitude of animal life by the discovery of the microscope, has made Brahminism absurd, by showing the impracticability of the observance of one of its essential tenets. The discoveries of the telescope would have done the same to Christianity, if the belief that the sun moves round the earth were an essential tenet of the Christian Creed, which it is not.

IN former times blood relationship was a stronger tie than it is at present. I make this remark principally with reference to men, because in modern society their relations have become more extended and mixed. Those of women have been, in proportion, far less interfered with, diffused, and weakened; probably, in their case, the original instinct was always far stronger than in the other sex, for most wise purposes: only the instinct is unfortunately often found in excess; and in these cases a woman thinks nothing of sacrificing the interests of her husband to those of her own relatives: such cases are continually occurring.

Mais la vie je le sais, n'appartient pas tout entière à l'amour. Les habitudes, les souvenirs, les circonstances, créent autour de nous je ne sais quel enlacement, que la passion même ne peut détruire.—MAD. DE STAEL'S *Corinne*.

Well put, by a woman, into a woman's mouth. Even when a sacrifice has been made to passion for a time, the female memory dwells far more fondly on the *souvenirs*, ties, and habitudes of childhood than the male: the woman would often gladly return to them, but unfortunately it is too often out of her power.



I THINK it is Wraxall, the memorialist of the House of Valois, who says, that at one time only three virtues could be said to exist in France, courage, friendship, and family affection; the last I believe to be *still* stronger there, than in England. In the lower classes, because throughout the country districts the mode of living is more domestic and natural than

with us, with our very common system of farm labourers instead of small proprietors; in the upper classes, because fathers and mothers view with great indulgence many faults in their children, especially in their sons, which are main sources of disagreement and estrangement in English families. The letters of Madam Sevigné, (a model mother, and a most amiable woman, according to the French view,) to and concerning her son, will explain what I mean.

One quotation is enough; she is writing to her daughter:

“ Les coiffures hurluberlu m’ont fort divertie; il y en a que l’on voudrait souffleter. La Choiseul ressemblait comme dit Ninon, (the famous Ninon de l’Enclos, mistress once of the husband and now of the son of Madame de Sevigné,) a un printemps d’hôtellerie, comme deux gouttes d’eau; cette comparaison est excellente. Mais qu’elle est dangereuse cette Ninon. . . . Je suis vivement touchée du mal qu’elle fait à mon fils, sur ce chapitre; ne lui en mandez rien, nous faisons nos efforts, Madame de la Fayette, et moi, pour le dépêtrer d’un engagement si dangereux. Il a, de plus, une petite comédienne, et tous les Despreaux et les Racine, et paye les soupers: enfin c’est une vraie diablerie. Il se moque des Mascaron comme vous avez vu, vraiment il lui faudrait vôtre mimine. Je n’ai jamais rien vu de si plaisant que ce que vous m’écrivez la dessus, &c.”



It is very common to speak of the rule “not to do evil that good may come” as very simple in its application: on the contrary, there are few more difficult. What is sometimes offered as an explanation, that “the end does not justify the means,” is a mere

restatement of the question. Take a simple instance, —the practice of subjecting animals to the atrocious sufferings of vivisection, for the sake of discoveries and improvements in surgery. Ask the opinion of ten honest, clear-sighted, and even humane men, and you are scarcely likely to get an unanimous verdict.

Here are a few opinions on this subject.

Bacon, who, throughout his entire character, was eminently cold-blooded, says, in the “*New Atlantis* :”—

“We have also parks and enclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds, which we use, not only for view, or rareness, but also for dissections, and trials; that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects, as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance, and the like: we try also poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery as physic.”

Johnson, whose heart, with all his roughness, was noble and tender, and worth a dozen of Bacon’s, says, in the “*Idler* :”—

“Among the inferior professors of medical knowledge is a race of wretches whose lives seem only varied by varieties of cruelty, whose favourite amusement is to nail dogs to tables, and open them alive, to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the excision or laceration of the vital parts . . . Mead has indignantly remarked of Woodward that he gathered shells and stones, and would pass for a philosopher. With pretensions much less reasonable, the anatomical novice tears out the living bowels of an animal, and styles himself physician, prepares himself by familiar cruelty for that profession which he is to exercise upon the tender and the helpless, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and to continue those experiments, upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried

upon cats and dogs: what is alleged in defence of these hateful practices every one knows, &c."

Johnson may have gone too far, as regards the motives (in many instances) and the possible usefulness of this practice to science; but if any one ridicules his notion of its tendency, as regards the character of the operator, fortunately Shakespeare has spoken, though merely on the question of poisoning, in *Cymbeline*:—

" Queen.

I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their art, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."

Act I. Sc. 6.

However, one is bound to add that Boyle, who always passes for an excellent Christian, experimented in vivisections. Personally, I am more inclined to agree with Lord Carnarvon's anathema on the practice, in his notes to "*Portugal and Galicia*;" and to congratulate my countrymen that the French names, Flourens and Majendie, are far more illustrious in the annals of vivisection than any English ones. However, except where the anatomizers perform their operations in what they believe to be all good conscience, and sincerely, and alone, for the highest purpose, that of discovering how to mitigate human suffering; except in these cases, I say, the poor animals exact a retribution. The operators for entertainment, or mere curiosity, are mangling their own moral being, and exposing its diseases and deformity; though, to be sure, the opinion of those who are critics and spectators, from the same motive, is of no great importance.

Still, at the worst, there is an improvement, for in earlier days such operations were performed on living criminals, as Celsus says, mentioning the names of the physicians Hierophilus and Eristratus as operators. What Celsus says on this latter subject would very often, I suspect, apply to the

case of animals. "What is sought for with so much barbarity partly cannot be known at all, and partly might be known without this barbarity."—See *Notes to TURNER'S Sacred History of the World*.



THE advocates of a strictly classical education are obliged to give up their battle against the introduction of the modern languages, so necessary for commerce, intercourse, and travel. Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, when the young nobles and gentlemen of the day came to him for permission to visit foreign countries, used to ask them, whether they were familiar with the most interesting parts of their own; and where it comes to a matter of *literature*, a similar question would still be a just one. It is mere foppery to be in raptures about Racine, or Goethe, when we know nothing of Bacon, Milton, Burke, and Dryden. Yet I would add that at the very time when Burleigh was putting his question, he was himself sending abroad, as general *intelligencers* (to use the language of that day), many young men of promise; so now, when the student of foreign literature has some definite object, and is likely to give society the benefit of its results, we can see the reasonableness of his application.

So, Frederick the Great. "Personal freedom was so far controlled that no Prussian subject could travel without special permission from the king;" at the same time he said "it gave him pleasure whenever any of his subjects travelled into foreign states with views of improvement, and brought back useful knowledge to their native country."

Lord MAHON'S *Essay on the Last Years of Frederick II.*

It is a sad thing that avarice is so often the companion vice of old age. As we advance in life, we lose many of our loves, friendships, graces, and sensibilities: yet we often become possessed of the means of exciting gratitude, by doing substantial benefits, for which, unfortunately, the love of hoarding and increase of caution render many indisposed.



THE noblest proof of friendship is an entire and continued absence of jealousy, either of our friends' attainments, or the substantial successes to which these may have conducted him.

Pliny claims this when he says:—"Neque enim ego, (ut multi,) invideo aliis bonum quo ipse careo, sed contra, sensum quendam voluptatemque percipio, si ea quæ mihi denegantur amicis video superesse." (B. i. Letter 2.) Much, however, depends on the length and frequency of these strains upon friendship.



WHERE one friend is content and glad to be eclipsed by the other, equal nobility of character is required by both, in the one for self-abnegation, and in the other for not being spoiled by it.



BALZAC says that one of the best preservatives of friendship is an interior conviction of some point or points of superiority in each party.

Rien ne fortifie l'amitié comme lorsque de deux amis l'un se croit supérieur à l'autre.—COUSIN PONS.

Dr. Johnson prefers a reciprocal conviction: "Neg-

ligences will creep in upon the kindest and most delicate minds when they converse *without the mutual awe of equal condition.*"—*Rambler.*

I wonder when Dr. Johnson experienced this awe himself. He often made it pretty evident, in the society of his friends, that he did not consider six or seven stars of various magnitudes equivalent to one Ursa Major or Great Bear.

Bacon speaks, in his essay, *against* equality as a constituent of friendship; perhaps equivalency would be better than equality.



"WHO frowns at others' feasts had better bide away."
"Be not with us, or else maintain our fashion."

So says Sir Philip Sidney. Mere indisposition, if really felt and honestly alleged, ought always to be taken as an ample excuse for not attending a social meeting—and never will be. I mean, of course, when there is a really good cause for the indisposition: if it is a mere mood, a man ought to put force upon his will, and he will probably be rewarded.



THE two fortresses which are the last to yield in the human heart, are hope and pride.



LET us have fair play, at all events. It is continually insinuated that the Exeter Hall party think more of the interests of blacks, heathens, and barbarians, than of the destitute classes at home. This is a falsehood—an old falsehood; and, what is worse, known to be a falsehood by some of those who promulgate

it. None have done so much for the improvement of the neglected population at home, as Lord Shaftesbury and some of his followers ; not in the way of mere subscription, but of actual personal exertion. Those who have tried to do the most abroad, have generally tried to do the most at home.



FONTENELLE says, I know not on what authority, “ Certains Grecs s'étaient établis dans le Toscane, pays barbare, selon eux, et peu à peu ils en avaient si bien pris les coutumes, qu'ils avaient oublié les leurs. Ils sentaient pourtant je ne sais quel déplaisir d'être devenus barbares, et tous les ans, à certain jour, ils s'assemblaient : ils lisaient en grec les anciennes lois, qu'ils ne suivaient plus, et qu'à peine entendaient ils encore ; ils pleuraient, et puis se séparaient. Au sortir de là, ils reprenaient gaiement la manière de vivre du pays.”

I leave it to the clergy to make the application ; I do not mean to themselves.



GAY, talkative, lively children, precisely those who are the most agreeable companions to old and middle-aged people, are seldom children of much performance, whatever their promise may be : they are like shallow babbling brooks, which show all that is beneath their surface—weeds, and pretty pebbles. In after age the channel widens, but seldom deepens much, or flows over more precious

material. I do not speak here of precocious children, who, in spite of all that has been said against them, often turn out best, if not injudiciously over-weighted in training.

When their precocity is not a symptom of disease, children of this kind generally excel in after-life. Bacon, Hooker, Cowley, Pope, Richter, Thirlwall, Macaulay, may be mentioned as instances.



IT is a favourite trick of small history-makers and abridgers to try to swindle the young into virtue by suppressing the bad acts of good men, and still oftener the good actions of bad ones. This is bad policy with reference to after discoveries, for what the young find out for themselves will have double the force of what you present to them.

All, or, at any rate, most that may be said on the other side of the question is to be found in Johnson's *Rambler*, No. 4.



“THE citizens of Croton, a town in Italy, had a manner, it is said, of inviting guests to feasts a year before the time, that the guests, in appetite and garb, might come well prepared to them.” (*Barrow*, Sermon XLVI.) There are many feasts of the intelligence, which, really to enjoy, and to grace, require even a longer preparation.



Do not trust to a weak argument because you think you have got a weak adversary: remember, a donkey will eat through his rope, if you only bind him with a hayband; and be all the stronger for it.

IN ancient times the castles were built either on the loftiest eminences, or in the lowest valley, where the winding embraces of the river formed a defence. What is gained in height and predominance is generally lost in sympathy ; and the lords whose castles frown on the isolated rock might envy those who, in the vales of life, have engirdled themselves with the streams of the affections.



FROM the trees of good, evil, truth, and falsehood, we can rarely pick a *single* fruit, whether our object be to use, or to destroy it. These fruits almost always grow in clusters.

Come l'arbor d'oro onde si vanta
L'Hesperia, abonda sì di pomi suoi,
Che chi la scuote per carpirne un solo,
Ne fa mille talor' piover al suolo.

MARINO'S *Adone*, Canto xx.



WE cannot leave a child at home for three hours, to be his own master, without finding, on our return, something to surprise us ; and yet we sometimes self-complacently fancy that we know all about the life of a man or woman who has been for years out of our cognizance ; and we are surprised if, by chance, we afterwards discover the incorrectness of these sketches of our fancy.



MAKE as few demands as you can on the time, the influence, the money, the exertion of others ; but

make what you have to make, at once. Avoid trying to give to additions the appearance of after-thoughts. It is in matters such as these that real honesty of character is shown.



AFFECTATION in society would be more shunned than it is, if it were known how often it prevents friendships, and even marriages between those who would like each other if both parties appeared in their proper colours. To put on an air of more or less gravity, more or less giddiness, more or less wisdom, more or less religion, than we really have, destroys all power of judgment. We are conscious of our own assumptions, but not always aware of those of others, and thus, mistaken and mistaking, we are led, sometimes to avoid what would be congenial unions, and sometimes to make ill-assorted ones.



Do not allow a child to be perpetually attending to his bodily sensations ; or, at any rate, do not allow him to be perpetually making remarks upon them—the niceness of this dish, the ugliness of that object, that the day is too hot, the walk too long, &c. With proper care you may increase his hardihood, without endangering his health. I fancy our ancestors managed this part of education far better than we do. Something may be done by direct discipline, but more by making endurance a point of honour with children, otherwise they will indemnify themselves

at the first opportunity : however, in almost every thing we do there is a danger, and the danger here is, that, in making them despise their own sensations, we often make them indifferent to those of others ; however, this danger is not so great as that of self-preference, fomented by indulgence.



MANY who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to *produce false impressions* on the minds of others, respecting facts, characters, and opinions.



THE phrase “timidus Plutus” is a good one : avarice is generally fearful ; yet, amongst nations, the greediest of gain have often been the most courageous : take, as examples, the Dutch, Scotch, and Swiss. But, to make their gain, adventure has been necessary, and there can be no adventure without courage ; and again, acquisition is necessary for independence, and with the love of independence is necessarily linked the love of liberty, which requires courage to defend it.

Rousseau makes greediness for gain not altogether voluntary ; he is speaking of the people of Geneva ; but of course what he says applies to the Swiss generally : “ Il aime trop l'argent, défaut que j'attribue à sa situation, que lui rend nécessaire, car le territoire ne suffisait pas pour nourrir les habitants.”—HELOISE.

Perhaps the same excuse might with propriety be offered for the other two nations.

WE form a general opinion of the character of people, and then often treat them or judge of them with a species of uniformity, making little or no allowance for their varying moods or circumstances. A man would bear on one day what would almost crush him on another. There is a little fish in Canada which when frozen may be broken to pieces almost with a touch ; but if left till the thaw comes on, he recovers his elasticity and will swim about in the most lively style, if you give him the opportunity.



THERE are many men who, from sheer stupidity, and want of sensibility, will say most painful things, and yet, will be more ready to exert themselves to do kind ones, than men of more sensitiveness. This latter quality is necessary for perfect politeness, yet, as it makes our own feelings more exquisite, its adjunct often is a certain measure of selfishness. Observe the character of Count D'Erfeuil in *Madame de Stael's Corinne*, as contrasted with that of Oswald : " *Le Comte d'Erfeuil . . . ne disait rien qui fût précisément inconvenable, mais, il froissait toujours les sentiments délicats d'Oswald, en parlant trop fort, ou trop légèrement, sur ce qui l'intéressait. Il y a des ménagements que l'esprit même et l'usage du monde n'apprennent pas . . . il croyait qu'on pouvait tout dire, pourvu que ce fût avec grâce, et il s'imaginait que l'impolitesse consistait dans la forme, et non dans le fond.*" (B. III.) But " *Le Comte*

d'Erfeuil suivait Corinne, et pendant huit jours que l'infortunée eût la fièvre, et le délire il ne la quitta point; ainsi c'était l'homme frivole qui la soignait, et l'homme sensible qui lui percait le cœur." (B. XVIII.) But in one point I cannot help thinking that Madame de Stael is wrong: "L'amour propre si susceptible pour lui même ne devine presque jamais la susceptibilité des autres." (B. VIII.) My belief is that too often we see clearly enough the susceptibility of others, but give our own the preference.



THE excessive dislike which some people have to the introduction of italics has something of collegiate prudery about it. We should be much obliged to a painter who would show us what he considered the best touches in his picture, helping us quickly to see merit, appreciate labour, and notice a subtle touch, or unobtrusive expression; and why not in writing? If a thing is good I am obliged to a man for directing my notice to what I might possibly overlook; and if a *Silius Italicus* calls my attention, in five or six instances, to what is evidently worthless, I am still thankful, for he justifies me in withdrawing it from his entire work as soon as I can do so decently. A great diplomatist, mentioned, I think, by the "Roaming Englishman," expressed a wish that there were some means of diminishing the force of language instead of increasing it. One would think that language could enfeeble itself enough at any time.

Un papato composto di rispetti,
 Di considerazioni, e di discorsi,
 Di piu, di poi, di ma, di si, di forsi,
 Di pur di assai parole senza effeti,
 Di pensier, di consigli, di concetti,
 Di conghietture magre per apporsi,
 D' intrattenerti, pur che non si sborsi;
 Con audienze, risposte e bei dette,
 Di pie di piombo, e di neutralità,
 Di pazienza, di dimostrazione,
 Di fede, di speranza, e carità,
 D' innocenza, di buona intenzione,
 Ch' è quasi come dir, semplicità,
 Per non le dare altra interpretazione.

BERNI.

I might add a passage from Montaigne, but the above list contains items enough for any diplomatist.



THERE is a certain amount of indelicacy and want of consideration in crowding material and external happiness on those who have emerged from a sombre condition, to which we know they are destined certainly to return. Sometimes the bright spot cheers the memory, but more often destroys content by contrast.



WHERE the greater malady is fixed
 The lesser is scarce felt;
 When the mind's free
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.

Lear.

Shakespeare also says :—

“ Men’s natures wrangle with inferior things
When great ones are their object.”

Othello.

Both are true.

In the very heaviest griefs of all, the mind is so absorbed, that we scarcely notice an addition. In the next degree of sorrow we feel every little addition ; our spirits have still movement enough to resent it as a kind of injustice, and we complain of it more than of the original grief. In both the one and the other we neither crave petty luxuries or pleasures, nor notice them if offered by way of consolation ; indeed we often reject them.

Ce dédain des jouissances animales qui inspirent les soucis d’une passion contrariée.

CHARLES DE BERNARD, *Le Nœud Gordien.*



SELF-EDUCATED men of science often carry the severity of their investigations into their judgments of every pursuit alien from their own.



ENDLESS are the praises of Greece in our own best writers, as well they may be : where else are we to look for a people so lofty in genius, and yet so patient in the exercise of it ; so sublime in conception, and yet submitting to be so elaborate in detail ; so highly susceptible of pleasurable sensations, and with so few restraints, and yet not drench-

ing nor dimming the ethereal spark; intensely enjoying life, and yet despising death for what appeared to *them* the highest principle? As one of their own poets, Euripides, has said: "Children of the immortals, ever walking through a lucid ether." Yes, children and immortals both—children in vivacity, in curiosity, in flexibility, in quickness of perception, in delicacy of sensation—but in conception, in courage, in endurance, in creative power, in grace, immortals; able to hold their train of thought now so lightly that it seemed to float like gossamer with every gust of fancy, and thus, masters of the humorous; and again, in their philosophy, binding it round the minds of men like a bond of adamant, with a strain which was not relaxed till long after the conquests of Alexander had passed away like a dream.

Ἐρεχθεῖδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι,
καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων,
Ἰερᾶς χώρας ἀπορθήτον τ'
ἀποφερβόμενοι κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν,
αἰεὶ, διὰ λαμπροτάτου
βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθήρος.

EURIP. *Med.* 819.

Coleridge says, "In the Greek there is much beauty of language, but the joke is very flat. This is always the case in rude ages—their serious vein is inimitable, their comic low, and low indeed." He is referring, however, to the Homeric age, not the Aristophanic. In the earlier period, there was in the whole life more earnestness, with fewer ideas for combination; both these conditions are adverse to the development of the humorous.

THE Frenchman likes to catch his truth in the most summary way, and put it into his game-bag at once. The German, when he has got his truth, by circumventing it, prefers to let it go again, and watch its hare-like doublings, and if he can lose sight of it altogether for awhile, so much the better. We have both sorts of minds in England.

Of course, I am only speaking here of the general tendency of the German mind. I should hope that one of the authors of the "Guesses at Truth" means little more, though his expressions are stronger, when he says, "The French character is indeed a character stamped upon them from without. Their profoundest thoughts are *bonmots*." (*First Series, third edition*, page 106.) And again: "In England profound thoughts are native—tragedy, epic poetry, and the massive gold of wit; which is beat out by a French hammer into thin leaves of a great superficies." (Page 221.) A man must be bold who says this after reading Montaigne, La Bruyère, Massillon, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo. The first of these is said, and I believe with truth, to have been Shakespeare's favourite author. Why, I wonder, does Coleridge leave out his favourite Germans in the following enumeration: "The wit of thoughts belongs eminently to the Italians, the wit of words to the French, and that of images to the English." (*Lit. Remains*, vol. i.) A curious division, surely, for a man of Coleridge's ostentatious logic, where one member of the division certainly includes the two others; besides, the Frenchman's clever word is very often a metaphoric word, in which case he has all three—the word, the thought, and the image.



AN idea greatly resembles a child in this, that when a man has long nursed it in his mind he loses much of his power of judging of its beauties or defects: and he may nurse a foundling till he almost

forgets whether it is his own or no. More especially if he has nourished and increased its force by feeding it from his own brain, which indeed gives him a sort of half claim to it.



THERE are two kinds of brevity which a keen eye soon distinguishes; the one arrogant and dictatorial, evidently asserting that it has settled the question for ever in a sentence: the other implying that the writer has said the best thing he has to say on the subject, and that he wishes to have done with it for the time, leaving it for the reader's judgment.



IN one point of view the greatest compliment that a man can pay to his idea is to produce it in a small compass; in another, to imagine that it will support a vast burthen of words or details. There are, however, some inhuman and dishonest costermongers who impose a dreadfully heavy load of this kind on a borrowed animal; such a load, indeed, as almost to make it unrecognizable, which is perhaps their object.



PROMETHEUS stole fire from heaven to give animation, or perhaps immortality, to man. Authors steal fire from each other, for very much the same purpose.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote;

To patch-work learned quotations are allied,
Both strive to make our poverty, our pride.

So says Young, having got most of the material of these very lines from Montaigne, (B. III. Chap. xii.) It is much more honest to borrow than to steal, which Young constantly does from Montaigne, La Bruyère, and Owen Feltham; never in one instance acknowledging his obligation; nevertheless there remains to him enough, of his own, to make him nearly the first English wit, of the French mode—so that we cannot apply to him the lines of Dryden in the prologue to *Albumazar*:—

Perhaps you may award by your decree
They should refund, but that can never be;
For, should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no one else would steal.

Let the reader observe these words of Dryden, and he shall see an exact parallel to Young's plagiarism. Macaulay has been speaking of Robert Montgomery's thefts, and then concludes his censure with the following words:—

"We would not be understood, however, to say that Mr. Robert Montgomery cannot make similitudes for himself. A few lines further on we find one which has every mark of originality, and on which we will be bound none of the *poets* whom he has plundered will ever think of making reprisals."

Review of MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S Poems.

Here we have Dryden's thoughts, and Dryden's words plagiarised, in order to give point to a tirade against another man's plagiarism. Nor can it be said that this passage of Dryden is common-place enough, to be common property; it is not one of those hack passages which many writers are in the habit of slipping into their sentences, without inverted commas, to be recognized, or not, as the case may be. However, Pope has nearly copied these lines of Dryden; Lord Macaulay is probably familiar with both passages.

When speaking of Young's wit I refer especially to the Satires, and the few fragments of prose which generally accompany his poetical works; but even his "Night Thoughts" are full of the elements of wit.

"Young was not a poet to be read through at once; his love of point and wit often put an end to his pathos, but there are parts in him which must be immortal."

COLERIDGE'S *Table Talk*.

The French hailed the kindred wit. There is perhaps no English book, of course in French translation, so broad-cast throughout nearly the whole of France, as the "Night Thoughts." I speak from personal observation.



THE poorest and commonest form of quotation is, where it is used only to help out expression, introduced in shreds and bits into the main body of sentences. Of this we have abundant instances in Talfourd's "Memorials of Charles Lamb," and to an almost unparalleled extent in Ford's "Wanderings in Spain."

One of the best uses of good, not hackneyed quotation, beyond the purpose of quotation itself, is that it tends to make a man careful to write, as far as he can, up to the quality of his quotation, lest the contrast should be greatly against him; common quotations are in general merely so much evidence in favour of a fact or opinion, or an aid in description. The most striking and agreeable are those taken from some totally different subject-matter, especially if they are humorous, as they show both wit and analogical power, besides readiness of memory; for these must generally occur to the writer, and can

scarcely be culled from quotation books. I have given, in an earlier part of this volume, the reason why some of the most powerful writers often do not quote; but the real reason with the majority is want of reading, or verbal memory, and not pride or fastidiousness. Of course, no reference is here made to those unfortunate old worn-out quotations which have become public property.

Those who, like Hammond, according to Walton, have not a recollection of the “punctualities and contextures of words.” Swift had the same defect, and tried to make a virtue of it; at least if we may judge from the strong advice against quotation which he gives in his “Letter to a young Clergyman.” In one of his private letters however, on which I cannot at this moment lay my hand, he complains of his own great want of verbal memory.



SOMETIMES those who have the most of the real are not satisfied without adding to it the spurious. Philip the Second of Spain wanted to introduce an imitation of silver. “Who,” says Ranke, “could imagine, that he who was the owner of the mines of Peru, not satisfied with all his genuine silver, should conceive the design of fabricating false?”

Ma chi creduto avria di venir meno
Tra le grandezze e'mpoverir nell' oro.

GUARINI.



“DEBT of honour,” “slightly excited,” “faux pas,” “affair of honour,” “little difficulty,” &c. “A separate dialect is appropriated to the chiefs, all of

whose actions . . . have different names from those of the common people." No reference is here made to the English, nor is it a Swiftlike invention of my own, but an account of the manners and customs of the Samoan Islanders, from the narrative of the "United States' Exploring Expedition."

"There is also a tribe called the Haw Haws, who endeavour to distinguish themselves from the rest of the islanders by a peculiar mode of intonation, which renders them almost unintelligible to any but the members of their own tribe, and, of course, adds greatly to the difficulties which foreigners find in mastering a language sufficiently troublesome already, without any such innovation." This note is by an occasional traveller in St. James's Street, and Kensington Gardens.

What makes this worth notice is, that it is likely to be a permanent nuisance; when crinolines have collapsed, and peg-tops have spun themselves down and reeled out of the ring. We hear of certain spots where the surrounding convexities and concavities are so arranged that an echo is twenty times repeated; but no echoes are so often reverberated as where one empty head responds to another; hence the perpetuity of nonsense even when vociferated naturally.

I again refer to the "Exploring Expedition:" "They have an air of haughtiness and insolence . . . and nothing will induce them to acknowledge any human being as their superior, or to show any marks of respect." This remark is not made respecting any juvenile portion either of English or American society, but is merely a description of the more barbarous inhabitants of New South

Wales. "Connected with this," (though not in the same book, or on the same people,) "is the horror that every man has of letting another pass over his head." And again: "There is little desire among the natives themselves for a better social system, their national vanity is overweening and extravagant . . . and they look on themselves and their country as models of perfection, though revolutions have occurred among them again and again, &c. This has no reference to France, but to Siam." (CHAMBERS'S *Papers for the People*.) "It is"—if not of Mr. Smith's custom, but of Kang Wang's at Pekin, that the traveller says—"it is worthy of remark, that, although the person visited be at home, he may order his servant to say that he is not," only he adds, "without giving any offence to the visitor," which, in the case of Smith's friends, is doubtful. This, however, was in Father Ripa's days, and perhaps the Chinese may have discovered the absurdity of the practice by this time.

Father Ripa ought not, however, to have been either scandalised at the practice as a Jesuit, prepared, as he confesses he was, to exercise any amount of deception to accomplish the object of his mission, nor much surprised as a scholar, since there is a well-known anecdote showing it to have been occasionally a Roman practice. The first instance that I have met with of allusion to it in England occurs in the old play of Gammer Gurton's Needle, the earliest English comedy, 1575:—

"*Doctor Rat.* What news, Diccon? fellow, is mother Chat at home?"

Diccon. She is, syr, and she is not, but it please her to whom."

THE following may be found in the "Daily News" a few months back: "Responsibility is shifted from one person to another, and a general ignorance and want of intelligence pervades every department." That is, I dare say it *may* be found there; but the work from which I now extract it is Mackenzie's "Burmah and the Burmese," where I also find the following passage extracted from the work of Father Sangermano: "The civil law-suits are terminated . . . expeditiously, . . . provided always that the litigants are not rich, for then the affair is extremely long, and sometimes never concluded at all."

Oh gloriosa Britannia la grande!

Orlando Inamorato.

If the reader is beginning to think me not much of a patriot, I can assure him that I have seldom felt a greater glow of pleasure, than when I fell on the above line in a foreign land, and in the midst of the long rambling poem of Boiardo, where I little anticipated to find any such acknowledgment of my country's glory.

But I will nevertheless proceed to inquire, whether there is any truth in the report, that the Aborigines of Australia, actuated by a delightful feeling of gratitude for the missionary exertions of this country, are preparing to respond by a mission for the amelioration of the education of English children? It would seem, from the account of the United States' Expedition, that they might give us some very useful hints:—

"The young are likewise restricted as to articles

of diet, . . . the purpose of this is thought to be, not only to accustom them to a simple and hardy way of living, but also that they should provide for the aged, and not be allowed to appropriate all to themselves. Selfishness is therefore no part of their character; and all observers are struck with their custom of dividing anything they may receive among each other—a disinterestedness that is seldom seen among civilized nations.” One or two of the savages of Terra del Fuego might be useful adjuncts to the mission, if the account given in the “Voyage of Her Majesty’s ships the Adventure and the Beagle” is correct:—

“The receivers (little Terra del Fuegians) were selected by Maria, who directed me to the youngest children first, then to the elder ones, and lastly to the girls and women. It was curious and amusing to see the order with which this scene was conducted, and the remarkable patience of the children, who, with the greatest anxiety to possess their trinkets, neither opened their lips nor held out their hands until she pointed to them in succession.”

How much have we to learn! Haygarth, in his “Bush Life in Australia,” represents a native orator of New South Wales making a speech, the profundity of which a good many of the members of the House of Commons could by no means fathom. It appears that he had been called a rascal for spearing some cattle. “This roused him to a defence of his conduct, and, after a hot argument and a good deal

of excitement, he proved pretty forcibly that, in the natural course of things, he was not the aggressor, and that his tribe, the first occupiers of the district, had as much right to help themselves to a piece of beef, as the white man, by his intrusion and presence, to drive away the emus and kangaroos, which the black denominated *his* cattle." What a lesson of delicacy does the North American Indian teach us; who avoids even mentioning the word "brother" to those who have lost theirs (*Bancroft*): and of hospitality, when he gives up his only bed to his guest, and passes the night in the forest (*Ibid.*). The Circasian, who leaves a little corner in his wheat-field for the birds, teaches us kindness to animals (*Spence*); and tenderness for the desolate and the helpless may be learned from the practice of the old Peruvians, who watered the fields of the widows and orphans before their own (*Temple*).



EMPTY consequential people have, generally, a strong aversion to men who think, for many other reasons, and because it is extremely probable that such persons are not thinking about *them*.



ONE of the best works written on the different social and commercial condition of England and France, is one written every day by more than a hundred authors, viz. the advertisement sheet of the "Times" newspaper. It shows us almost even a greater difference in the nature of want and supply,

and the free communication of them, than the other sheet does in freedom of political discussion, — without perhaps taking into consideration the book advertisements and the character of the books advertised : undoubtedly the two portions of the paper act and react upon each other.



IT would add the force of example to precept if every clergyman were obliged to practise, in his own case, some one of the forms and kinds of patience or abstinence to which many of his hearers are compelled to submit. Recommendations to self-restraint do not always come very gracefully from those who are not themselves obliged ostensibly to submit to it in any form, except for health's and wise moderation's sake. Perhaps it might be desirable, if society would tolerate such a thing, to compel some of the clergy to live even on eighty pounds a year, if it *were not even still more their duty to relieve poverty, than to exemplify it.* But if any one should absurdly commend, according to a common argument, poverty in the clergy because the apostles were poor, let him remember that the apostles could recommend their doctrines by the substantial benefit of healing helplessness and diseases ; whereas, it is only in a metaphorical sense, and with very uncertain effects, that a country curate could say, “ Silver and gold have I none ; but such as I have give I thee : In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.”

No sensible man is an advocate for plethoric bishoprics, they are too much like absolute monarchies; the use to which they are put depending entirely on the virtue of the individual possessor. Yet I cannot help quoting, as an instance of "non sequitur," and of the extent to which a writer may be persecuted by one idea, the following passage: "The Arab camel-driver asks no bed but the sand, no roof but the sky, a fountain of pure water is his most luxurious tavern, his sustenance is moistened meal, and for these he offers thanks to heaven. Five times a day he prostrates himself on the ground, laying his forehead on the sharp stones of the desert, if such be the paving of his route; and pours out his prayers to his heavenly guide, protector, and provider. *What an example to the well-fed bishops of Christendom!*" (CHAMBERS'S *Papers for the People on Deserts of Africa.*) If every one would make a collection of similar passages he has met with in his serious reading, it would make a fine body of what Junius, and Curran after him, admirably call "negative instruction."

"The abolishing the Christian religion upon a frugal principle must be bad policy, if we may judge what will be, by what hath been, in the great pagan states of antiquity, whose religions, on a fair estimate, will be found to have been more expensive." Bishop Berkeley appends the above note to the following passage: "Hippodamus, the Milesian, in his scheme for a republic, allotted a *third part of the land* for maintaining divine worship."

Discourse addressed to Magistrates.

IF you are thwarting a person in his main object you will find that not a thousand indulgences of your own choosing will be accepted as a compensation.



WE always throw into our judgment of other people, and into the advice which we give them, something of our own character. "Every man's censure," says or quotes Herbert in his "*Jacula Prudentium*," "is first moulded in his own bosom;" and, as we form our personal estimates from ourselves, so we are led to form our general social estimates from our immediate profession. The clergyman, the lawyer, the magistrate, the physician, have their judgments pressed upon by the cases that come before them, in their several provinces, to a degree that even statistics will not altogether correct.



THE merest fool, who has plenty of the gregarious instinct and selfish caution, is, on the ground of his conformity, more likely to be called a man of sense by the mass of society, than a man of genius and sense too, with original tastes, modes of thought, and motives of action.

It seems presumption in a man of the world to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness.—SHENSTONE'S *Essays on Men and Manners*.



WE may have our style of language and writing slightly imbued with the forms of some foreign lan-

guage, or of some favourite old author whom we have been studying; but nothing except affectation can lead to an almost utter change of the framework of expression to which we have been accustomed from our childhood, and which every one around us is using.



It is alike the tendency of great barbarism, and great civilization, to make the style of writing uniform: hence, it is in the interval between the two, that we shall find the greatest natural and legitimate variety of manners, or, in other words, the greatest originality of style; this has been eminently the case in England.



PEOPLE like a kind of coherency even in the faults of others, and not to have their judgment of character confounded by anomalies. Amorousness is more freely pardoned to French gaiety than to Turkish sombreness; and obstinacy in a mild languid character is more vexatious than in a commanding one.

Many have found it not an easy thing
Beneath their yoke the yielding soul to bring;
These weeping willows, though they seem inclin'd
By every breeze, yet not the strongest mind
Can from their bent divert this weak but stubborn kind.

CRABBE.

I might add to the instance given above, that insobriety seems less inconsistent in the lively, excitable Irish, some of whom seem to be born slightly intoxicated already, than in the cautious, calculating, far-seeing, steady-nerved Scotch. Yet, if we may trust statistics, the latter are far more prone to intemperance than the former.

WHEN you have great external objects to accomplish, one of the first things to attend to is to keep the internal forces sound, and in harmony. Napoleon put down suicide in his army (RAIKES's *Diary*, vol. 1.); Gustavus Adolphus, duelling (*Hart*); and Charlemagne would not even allow quarrels, when his troops were in active service against the enemy (*Chronicles of Crusades*).



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and many other philosophical writers, have dwelt on the great fondness of the human mind for contrasts. It is, indeed, so great, that, when a man is praised for some extremely high quality, the first thoughts of many people is to ascertain what are his lowest ones.



IF you cannot discover a general truth, never mind; make one. State it in bold, and, if possible, in eccentric language, and do not hint at exceptions, however numerous they may happen to be.

Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur, amantque,
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt.

LUCRETIUS, L. I. 642.

A mass of exceptions, and modifications, hanging about your general truth, make it ragged, detract from its "aplomb" and sharpness; in fact, take from it the appearance of a discovery. If you have seen eccentricity of feature in a few great men, state, after Balzac's manner, that there is "something exorbitant in the countenances of *all* men of genius."

Many instances might be given from modern French writers in consequence of their love of effect. Or say with Emerson, "There needs but one wise man in a company, and *all* are wise, so rapid is the contagion." (*Representative Men.*) Or, if two things, apparently different, are both true, and ought to be put in juxtaposition, separate them as widely as possible. You may then find the following rule a very expedient one: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."—"Speak what you think to say in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again; though it contradict everything you have said to day." (*Essay on Self-Reliance.*) Observe the "everything." Why, even if a man is obliged to change his cause, he may retain at least some of his phenomena. "A Gascon," says Michelet, in the "Notes to his History of France," "is allowed to contradict himself three times, but then, he is a Gascon." Every one who professes to write philosophically ought to write carefully, and not to put down, from love of effect, or from desire of producing it, what he ought to know will require chastening.

Mr. Carlyle sometimes speaks in the same conclusive and incautious way respecting nations, as respecting individuals. Thus, after a long panegyric of China, as compared with England, which has some appearance of being principally derived from Sir William Temple's "Essay on Heroic Virtue," he concludes, in his triumphant style:—

"These three hundred millions actually make porcelain, souchong tea, with innumerable other things; and fight under

Heaven's flag against necessity ; and have fewer seven years wars, thirty years wars, French Revolution wars and infernal fightings with each other, than certain millions elsewhere have."—*Past and Present*.

In such matters it is scarcely wise to trust to one authority. Hear Schlegel :—

" However, the absolute monarchical system has not conduced to the peace, stability, and permanent prosperity of the State, for the whole history of China, from beginning to end, displays one continued series of seditions, usurpations, anarchy, changes of dynasty, and other violent revolutions, and catastrophes. This is proved by the bare statement of facts, though the official language of the Imperial annals ever concedes the final triumph to the monarchical principle. The same violent revolutions occurred in the departments of science, and of public doctrines."

F. SCHLEGEL's *Philosophy of History*, Lect. III.

This latter account is curiously confirmed in an article of the " Times," in July, 1858 ; which goes more into detail. " In 1665 there was a rebellion in ten out of thirteen provinces ; between 1722 and 1735, twenty-five millions were spent in putting down rebellion. In 1776, twenty-three millions for the same purpose. From 1796 to the middle of this century were expended sixty-seven millions for the same purpose again, and one of these rebellions lasted eight years."

It is very striking to deal in the same way with character ; to make Mirabeau an idol, as Carlyle has done, though you have evidences of his intrinsic worthlessness ; and, because Burns has a clear vision, a strong and tender heart, and a mighty power of speech and of song, to throw in patience, self-control, and the endurance of routine, and make a politician of him. All the three men that I have ventured to censure here are writers of the greatest

genius, though Balzac has terribly abused his, and both Carlyle and Emerson have, I think, misused theirs, not a little; they have gained from many readers a half-laughing, half-sincere admiration, where, by a little self-denial, they might have secured the latter only, and have destroyed confidence in some of the grandest things they have said, by trying to turn half truths into whole ones.

Lord Macaulay sometimes merits the same censure from his desire of making a *showy total*; but, neither from this motive, nor from political acrimony, neither from a calculation on his reader's ignorance, nor in consequence of his own, has one great man any right to make a "Surrey theatre villain" of another, however much he may study unity of effect.

"In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race."—*Review of LORD MAHON'S War of the Succession in Spain.*

This is meant for a portrait of Swift; true enough in some of its features, but not in all. He was no more an apostate than many other men who have changed their political opinions, and for whom Lord Macaulay would perhaps have found a milder term. As to the last part of the charge, it is, I think, not true. Had Lord Macaulay read fairly Swift's letters, and journal to Stella, he could not have fairly written such a sentence. They literally abound in proofs of his attachment to his friends, and of exertion for meritorious, and sometimes almost friendless men, who were never likely to repay his services, as any reader may find. It is very true that Swift himself says, in a letter to Pope, "I hate and detest that animal called man;" Lord Macaulay ought to have considered the sequel, "although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth." This is mere play; what I believe the amiable Charles Lamb said in

almost the same words, and what another benevolent man, Sir Thomas Browne, says in the following passage :—"The multitude, that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder seem men and the reasonable creatures of God."

Religio Medici.

Southey says of Swift that his outside was as rough as the outside of a cocoa-nut, but his heart was as mild as the kernel. (*Essays.*) If these are not the exact words, they are very near them. Southey, I think, is again rather in the other extreme, but he cannot have come to this conclusion without something like reason. Against Thackeray I must summon Sir Walter Scott, and Lockhart, (see Scott's Life, vol. III. p. 122,) who both take a lenient view of Swift's character ; and against Dr. Johnson, who is rather severe, Dr. Delaney's letter, which he himself quotes. I believe, however, Lord Macaulay may have written in as much ignorance of the character of Swift, as of the creed of Bacon, in whose works he says he does not "remember a line from which it can be inferred that Bacon was a Calvinist or an Arminian." I am tired of quoting just at present ; I will only refer the reader to Lord Bacon's own "Confession of Faith" in the common edition of his works. I must, however, add that I am not, either here or elsewhere, setting up my pittance of learning against the opulence beneath which Lord Macaulay could crush me ; but the poorest may speak when armed with justice and with facts, especially in defence of the dead, who is being "robbed" of the one single thing which his character "has to lose."

"The sweet warsman is dead, . . . beat not the bones of the buried, when he breathed he was a man." (*Shakespeare.*) And a man who would have been able to defend himself manfully, even against the powerful Edinburgh reviewer.

No one can feel more respect for Lord Macaulay's talents than I do—for his force, his compactness, his active fancy, his endless power and ingenuity of illustration, his exhaustless and ever-ready knowledge ; but I think he sometimes wants justice, and oftener temper and mercy : but no one, without considerable modification, can say of him, in the

words of Grattan, "That he has audacity of assertion, with thrift of argument; a turn to be offensive, without a power to be severe; fury in the temper, and famine in the phrase." At least, if I borrow a sword well-tempered, for such an adversary, it has the healing weapon-salve smeared on one side of the blade.

One of the Quarterly Reviews said lately, "every one now can imitate Macaulay," or words to that effect: imitate him indeed—they may mock him; but his style is eminently the natural garb of his well-stored and inventive mind, and no one who is not nearly his equal in resources, in aptness, and in imagination, can approach him.



As regards public reading; let the voice and tone speak sincerely the individual mind. If there be emotion, and discernment, they will show themselves *generally* in the proportion in which they are possessed and felt; for modulation some men have an absolute and incurable incapacity; and others, from a dread of appearing to over-appreciate their own compositions, can never be induced to do them justice. As to Church reading, a modest manner, with distinctness, is better than an elegant one. St. Augustin said that there were more passages in Scripture which he did not, than which he did understand; and there are few things, to a reflective person, more disagreeable than to hear a young reader careering through passages of considerable mystery with the assumed air of full intelligence, and doing, if possible, more than justice to the finest passages of Isaiah. Awake the feelings, and inform the sense, this is the true way to get effective read-

ing. "Every man of genius," says Johnson, "has some way of fixing the attention peculiar to himself;" and, with some few exceptions, every man of intelligence will by his natural manner gain the sympathy of an intelligent audience, who are seldom smitten with the love of what is commonly called *fine* reading.



THE Romish vow of religious celibacy is, no doubt, a vast evil, and, as Guizot has, I think, hinted, in his "Lectures on Civilization," it is extremely doubtful whether it adds so much to ecclesiastical strength, as, in Protestantism, the mixture of the interests of the clergy, by marriage, with those of the rest of the population. The *vow* which to some natures is an aid, is to others an oppression. Yet, for the sake of full consistency, it would be well for the English, especially clergymen, who are in the habit of indulging in violent tirades against this Popish practice, to reflect on various parts of the social system of our own country; and the vast masses of our population who pass the prime of life, some in a state of compulsory, and some in a state of hypothetical celibacy. Take the case of convicts, and prisoners, a great majority of domestic servants, and a still larger one of our soldiers and sailors. Of course, there is no absolute obligation in these latter cases, but practically the great mass of them are encouraged rather than otherwise in celibacy. Those who are such strenuous opponents of priestly

and monastic professions ought, if they were consistent, to urge a radical change in many of our social arrangements—to advocate early marriages, even where they are likely to mortify pride by entailing considerable loss of social rank, and to demand much trust in Providence. Nothing can be more inconsistent, and more like a pious fraud, than, what is common enough, for a clergyman, for instance, to represent the Romish vow as almost impossible to be kept faithfully, though taken in trust of supernatural assistance, and from religious motives, and yet to express the most indignant surprise if a lapse takes place amongst the young but adult members of his own neighbourhood or circle.

The frequent effect of this has been sufficiently shown in the convict reports from Australia.

In Russia many of the domestic servants are married (*Kohl*). And in China the owners of female slaves who do not procure husbands for them are liable to prosecution (*Davis*). (What will ladies, who object to *followers*, say to this?)

There is such a wonderful objection to take at once a practical and scientific view, that I very much question whether, in the recent investigations respecting the health of the army, any average has been struck between the length of life of the few married soldiers and the unmarried ones. There is nothing more disgraceful, at once to the Government, and the medical profession, than the long neglect of the soldier's sanitary condition. Here was just a good opportunity for medical inductions, a set of men of about the same age and living under pretty much the same conditions; but neither for the sake of science nor for the sake of the soldier does any one seem much to have troubled himself to make any inductions at all.

I am sorry to find, in Lord Carlisle's "Diary," that sailors "are not a long lived class, and are very apt to die off about the age of forty-five."



IT is curious to observe in how many of the lives of our great men there occurs the mention of some friend, unknown to the mass of mankind, but to whom the great man acknowledges the deepest obligation. The world must abound in these secret springs and treasures: "Oh quantum eruditorum aut modestia, ipsorum, aut quies, operit et subtrahit famæ!" (PLINY'S *Letters*, vii. 25.) As in Italy formerly so in England now, there are many such living in country seclusion. Of one of this class Pliny speaks in the same letter, and of the effect it produced on his mind: "Quantum ille legit, quantum tenet! Athenis vivere hominem non in villâ putes auxit sollicitudinem meam, effecitque ut illis quos doctissimos novi, non minus hos seductos et quasi rusticos verear."



IT is well that, for the most part, women are conservative, cautious, and fearful of deliberate speculations; especially as in accidental matters they are far more inclined than the other sex to persuade themselves into a belief that what they hope and desire will necessarily come to pass—the former tendency is quite necessary to correct the latter. As long as a fragment of hope is left, a woman will cling to it; a man, according to the old French

proverb, “when the head of the axe is lost, is more generally inclined to throw the handle after it.”



WHAT an elegant and significant custom was that which prevailed in the private festivals of the ancient Greeks: where the guests showered upon the head of him whom they desired to honour, roses torn from their own garlands! How often are we moderns disposed to do this?

In spite of the ordinary jealousy of literary men and artists, we are occasionally consoled by such facts as the following:—

“Il Tasso che di sua mano ripone sul capo dell’ Ariosto l’ epica corona che uno snaturato nepote volea togliergli: Tiziano che dimanda, quale asino aveva osato di por la mano nelle pitture et Raffaello,—(it was Sebastian del Piombo who had retouched some of the pictures in the Vatican,)—Racine che celebra Molière; e il satirico Francese conforta Racine contra l’ injustizia degli imbecilli.”—ROSSINI’S *Luisa Strozzi*.



THE greater religion, perhaps I should say religiousness of women, than of men, in the educated classes in England, is often remarked. The causes of it are three:—First, the evident one that they are more sheltered than men from strong external temptations; second, that they have more respect for all existing institutions; third, that they are to a greater degree affected by the personal influence of the clergy. The difference is still more observable in Roman Catholic countries; where religion is

more external, where the institution is more imposing, and where the clergy are in a more positive way representatives of the institution ; add all the personal influence which they obtain by their right of interference with the details of private life, through the medium of the confessional.



A PART of the following suggestion, addressed some seven years ago to the editor of the "*English Journal of Education*," has been now adopted. Perhaps I may be excused for repeating it, for the sake of some of the hints with which it is accompanied, and which may still be of service :—

" In this day of foundations and commissions, it would be of no small benefit to the middle classes if a board of nine or ten men of acknowledged qualification could be appointed, and kept constantly sitting, for the purpose of examining, on sound and searching, but liberal, principles, those boys whom their parents might wish to subject to an impartial trial. Such a board might perhaps become, in point of expense, a self-supporting one ; as parents, really solicitous about their children's progress, ought not to object to pay a moderate fee for the examination. As the benefit accruing became appreciated, such an institution might be extended, by means of branches, almost indefinitely, the appointment of examiners being vested by government in trustworthy and thoroughly competent men. Each parent might prescribe the

subjects on which he more particularly wished to ascertain the qualifications of his son, and thus limit the examination The object is a most important one : what can be more so than the sound and sincere education of the middle classes, upon whose heels the lower classes, with their guaranteed instruction, may be soon found to be treading ? ”

[What a change from the time of our Richard II. when “ the *Commons* petitioned that villains might not put their children to school, in order to advance them by the Church, and this for the honour of all the freemen of the kingdom.”]

HALLAM'S *Middle Ages*, Chap. VIII. Part 3.

“ The present hit-or-miss way of choosing schools is acquiesced in, as an inevitable evil ; and hundreds of those who are busying themselves about the education of the poor feel that they are obliged themselves to take their chance for the instruction of their own families, thinking, however, that if they send their boys to an apparently flourishing school, they cannot do much amiss. Were some such plan adopted as that which I have been tempted to suggest, it would tend to check a great deal of imposture, and prevent infinite disappointment. Sanguine and well-meaning, but whimsical and speculative schoolmasters, would be taught that they could not go on dabbling with an endless multitude of subjects, or making out infinitely varied bills of intellectual fare, to tempt foolish parents, without being ultimately brought to book for it. Parents would be taught that it is better to get something than to be

led to hope for everything; they would no longer be enticed by the proffer of a lax, indulgent discipline; for, when the master found his reputation really at stake, he could no longer afford to humour either parents or children. It would tend also to accomplish another most important object, namely, the more general appropriation of distinct schools to distinct objects; each school, nevertheless, admitting in its scheme those branches of study which are allowed at all hands to be absolutely necessary. Two things are of course implied in the plan proposed:—

“ I. That the examiner should be furnished with a correct account of the boy's age, of the school at which he has been prepared, and the length of time which has been professedly devoted to the subject or subjects on which he offers himself for examination. This would tend to prevent a frequent change of schools.

“ II. That there should be no exclusiveness either with regard to grammars or other elementary books, or the mere mode and form of previous instruction, as the substance of knowledge can be easily tested, without reference to particular books or systems.

“ There need be no fear of partiality—the work of examination is so laborious, and the pleasure of finding a well-prepared examinee so great, that the examiners would be only too glad to give credit where really due. I cannot see why such boards should be confined exclusively to university men.”

Some schoolmasters have set up their bristles of

defiance and indignation at the idea of their pupils being subjected to these trials; and another objection has been, that only prize and pattern boys will be sent up for examination. The fact is, it ought to be rather a parent's than a schoolmaster's question. It is the parent's business, first, to inquire how long a time the master considers enough to ensure proficiency in this or that branch of study; and then, not to neutralize the master's efforts by interfering with discipline, begging extra holidays, &c. This secured, *it is clearly for parents to decide whether they shall submit their children to the trial, not for the master to choose pet pupils as specimens of his education.*

Everything is already yielding to the principle of competition; and the public announcement of successful and unsuccessful schools and pupils must be making a considerable stir in the more important places of education. We have already had in the newspapers complaints of the increase of the *time* demanded for study. This was to have been expected. The time of study is increased, which it ought not to be, in order to conform to the age in two particulars—one, *to avoid strictness of discipline*; and the other, *to embrace an exorbitant quantity of subjects*. Why struggle against the advice given, I believe without any collusion, by three of our best writers and most experienced students. “I call upon the young,” says the learned Matthias, in the notes to the “Pursuits of Literature,”

“to have the *courage* to be ignorant of many subjects.” Sydney Smith says, in his “Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding:” “The modern precept of education very often is, ‘Take the admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing.’ Now *my* advice, on the contrary, is, to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the certainty of being ignorant of everything.” A passage in Coleridge’s “Literary Remains” is precisely to the same effect. He also uses the word *courage*, and backs his opinion from the two Scaligers.



To speak now of a different form of examination of a *very limited number*, not of boys, but young men—for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of taste, clear-sightedness, and general capacity in any adult examinee, I would not wish a better method than the following:—Take four small volumes, or portions not too long,—one of history, one of metaphysics, one of poetry, and one of essays on general subjects. Give a day to deal with each. Allow a pencil and large margins: and let the examinee mark singly, doubly, or triply, according to his idea of their importance or beauty, all the points in the metaphysical argument; all the causal, consequential, and turning points in the historical treatise; all the better passages in the poetry, and everything that appeared to him the most striking

and original in the miscellaneous treatises. He might add, but very briefly, his reasons for selection; and any additional matter of importance for which the margin allowed him room. I have no reason to believe that such an experiment has ever been tried; but I feel quite certain that it would answer thoroughly.



UNFORTUNATELY the very same fastidiousness, or pride, which makes many persons sparing of their own remarks in general society, makes them very critical of the remarks of others. Nothing can be more unfair and unhandsome towards a company than this severe and silent criticism, never committing nor submitting itself to the general judgment.



IT is occasionally a subject of surprise that there should often be such a strong contrast between fathers and sons, in conduct, character, and opinion. Yet great original similarity is often the cause of it. Men naturally

“ Ask how souls so like should e’er be foes,”

to use the words of Tickell.

It generally takes place where a strong will is inherited, together with strong dispositions; existing, but overcome, (as to their manifestation,) in the parent, not overcome in the case of the offspring. On these points the parent will especially struggle to obtain the mastery, and will probably meet with

corresponding resistance. He has seen the importance of his own self-conquests, and prides himself upon it; and makes the greatest effort to overcome in his child what he has vanquished in his own case. The observer knows nothing of the original character of the parent, and hence his surprise at the conflict. A strong will finds its favourite food in resistance to the will and opinion of others, far more than in conquering faults, or overcoming mere immobility. In opinion you cannot point to an object or quality without indicating its opposite. Where the child does not inherit the strong will, of course he is overcome by it—ductile, and docile.

Everything absolute is sure to provoke its contrary.

SCHLEGEL'S *Philosophy of History*, Lect. IX.

We write from *antagonism* as well as from experience.

EMERSON'S *Essay on Prudence*.



THE “spirit of the age” (in its evil sense) has a quadruple parentage—pride, indolence, ignorance, and interest; the latter, of course, including fear.



IT is not merely over the multitude, but over teachers and preachers too, that the “spirit of the age” spreads its all-including veil. The words were bright enough, and said that God did not delight in the death of sinners, when Tertullian, and even Jeremy Taylor, were dwelling, almost with a relish, on their future punishment. So through the eras of religious

massacre when "words on faith prevented works of love." (*Crabbe*.) So through the era when the sons of Africa were bought and sold, like cattle, with the sanction of Washington, and without the disapproval of Whitefield (*Bancroft*); and when even Englishmen were sold into slavery by Cromwell and the Puritans.

So when Quakers were imprisoned in England and hanged in America. So when Cranmer permitted the rack; and when Bacon could talk coolly about the judicial tortures of "forcipation, and even *simple burning*." So when old women and even young children were drowned or burnt as witches, the wise and good Hale not objecting. Yet every period has, *for a time, been equally positive about the propriety of its acts*; and preachers have taken little pains to separate the influences of the "spirit of the age" from those of truth. I think Mr. Buckle says that *all* the ameliorations of mankind have been due to the pure intellect. This is going ridiculously far; but it certainly seems as if religion, after its first propagation, has received successively the cooperation of some other principles to give it efficacy, and even to interpret it to itself.

I only mention the Puritans here, not that the cavaliers were incapable of the same class of actions, but because the former boasted of being the most enlightened, and indeed considered themselves the representatives of all the piety of their age.

I am not sure that this was the case in England, but certainly on the continent children of seven years old were put

to death on the charge of witchcraft. One child in Lorraine, under seven, was charged, amongst other offences, with having turned the spit for Satan at a witches' feast. For this, and for other particulars of the same nature, he was executed.—See *Caterina Medici de Brono*, by *Achille Mauri*.

It is scarcely probable, in the present day, that you would find men of the calibre of Ambrose of Milan exercising all sorts of deception in order to escape being made a bishop (see Milner); or men like Luther (*passim*); the French reformer Farel (D'Aubigné); Calvin (Murray's Guide-Book for Central Italy from M'Crie); or even Sir H. Wotton (see his Memoirs), using false names: not, probably, from any dread of persecution, as threatening their lives, but as interfering with their objects, yet who, *à priori*, would have said that *Time would make any difference in enabling men to perceive the rectitude of truthfulness?*

There is much significance in Bacon's question, towards the close of the second book on the "Advancement of Learning:"—"How the gradations of *light*, according to the dispensation of times, are material to the sufficiency of belief." I suspect we should look in vain among most of the divines for such a passage.

I ought to state that very direct allusion is made to these *changes according to light* in the Rev. H. B. Wilson's first Bampton Lecture, though more with reference to interpretation of doctrinal points.



THE flint-stone was probably one of the first missiles that one enemy lanced at another: the ingenious savage then turned it into an arrow-head; and the more ingenious warrior afterwards planted it in the lock of his musket: three times it has

changed its adaptation, but still retains its place in the hearts of those who love war for its own sake.

I really almost feel inclined to except Irishmen, who seem literally "to meet with their friends and for love knock them down."

Oh,

The quiet hurly-burlies I have seen
In this town, when we have fought for hours together,
And not a man among us so impertinent,
Or modest, to ask why.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Sir Hussey Vivian (see Turner's *Sacred History*) says, "I have endeavoured to find out whence it arises, that men who appear so *kind* in their dispositions, so *grateful* for any little kindness bestowed upon them, as the lower class of Irish generally are, should exhibit such little apparent reluctance to destroy their fellow-creatures."

How wonderful the changes that time effects in the character of nations! Bede speaks of the Irish as a people "*innoxiam, et nationi Anglorum semper amicissimam*;" and William of Malmesbury, as "*genus hominum innocens, genuinâ simplicitate nihil unquam mali moliens*." (TURNER'S *Anglo-Saxons*, B. III. Chap. 8.) Formerly the Scandinavians were remarkable for ferocity, and now nothing is more rare than murder in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; indeed, amongst the people of the north all crimes of violence are uncommon.



How many things mentioned by our ancestors, and even in recent times, only to be ridiculed as absurdly impossible, have been since realized. Take a few instances.

Burke, when speaking of bad political principles, says, "Old impossibilities are become modern probabilities." We go further, and say, that old absurdities are become modern facts.

In the old comedies it was not uncommon to introduce what were called projectors, that is, foolish men who were bent on squandering their own money on silly inventions, or knavish ones, on cozening the imbecile by their pretended discoveries. In Shirley's "Triumph of Peace" we have the following:—

Enter Fourth Projector.

A new project,
A case to walk you all day under water,
 So vast, for the necessity of air,
 Which with an artificial bellows cooled
 Under each arm, is kept still from corruption.
 With those glass eyes he sees, and can fetch up
 Gold, or whatever jewels have been lost
 In any river.

Here is, in part, the modern diving apparatus.

Another Projector.

A country fellow that hath sold his acres
 To purchase him a flail, which, by the motion
 Of a quaint wheel, without the help of hands,
 Threshes corn all day.

Sixth Projector.

This is a kind of sea-gull, too, that will
 Compose a ship to sail against the winds.

In Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass:"—

Meer. Project for dog's skins

Twelve thousand pounds.

Fitz. Pray you, let's see it, Sir.

Meer. 'Tis a toy, a trifle.

Fitz. Trifle! twelve thousand pounds for dog's skins!

Meer. Yes! but by my way of dressing, you must know,
 Sir,

And med'cining the leather, to a height

Of improved ware, like your Borachio
Of Spain, Sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't.

Eng. Of the king's glover.

Meer. Yes, how heard you that?

Recovery of the Norfolk wash.

Meer. We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow 'em off again,
Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carried,
The thing is for recovery of drowned lands.

.
.

Eng. A gallant tract
Of land it is.

Meer. 'Twill yield a pound an acre.

Raisin wine.

Meer. What hast thou there?
Oh! making wine of raisins: this is on hand now.
Eng. Is not that strange, Sir, to make wine of raisins?

.

Meer. I'll bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom, half in half.

Eng. But how, Sir, if you raise the other commodity,
Raisins?

Meer. Why then I'll make it out of blackberries,
And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge less.

Almost every one has heard of the hint of the
blown air beds in Jonson's "Alchemist."

Substitute electricity for magnetism, and read the
following passage from the "Spectator":—

"Strada, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone which

had such virtue in it that if it had touched two several needles when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters . . . they then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment . . . Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention . . . If one had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

This idea may be found ingeniously versified in the third book of Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination."

The idea of the Latin-verse-making machine is not new. A Mr. John Peter, mentioned also in the "Spectator," appears to have projected one, though

whether he brought it to perfection or not I am not aware.

“ This virtuoso, being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may, to his great comfort, be able to compose or rather to erect Latin verses, &c. I think the only improvement beyond this would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, namely ‘ a mill to make verses.’ ”

But the most extraordinary of these half or whole anticipations is the hint of the Daguerreotype, which we find in Hazlitt’s “ Conversations of Northcote.” I cannot quote the words, but the following is, I know, the substance of them. Northcote told me an anecdote of Sir G. B. He put an advertisement into one of the newspapers, stating that a Mynheer, just arrived from Germany, had discovered a method of taking portraits far more accurate than any hitherto practised, namely, by allowing the individual’s image to fall on a mirror fixed inside an oven, so that, by means of the heat, the likeness was fastened to the glass. It is added that the hoax was extremely successful, for that many persons assembled at the appointed place to have their likenesses taken.



VERY numerous are what Hudibras calls “ the new-found old inventions.” Without quoting, I will refer to a few of them. We have Irving’s false

tongues anticipated by Elias Marion in the reign of Queen Anne; false teeth in Martial; gold stuffings and fastenings for the teeth in the Roman laws of the twelve tables; rings for curing the cramp in the letters of Edward VI. and Queen Mary (*Sir H. Ellis*); cutting for wry neck in Sir T. Browne's correspondence; clairvoyance at the beginning of one of the later cantos of *Hudibras*; dosing children with opium to send them to sleep in Marston's satires; swimming-belts in Bacon's "New Atlantis;" the cold water cure internally in one of Sir William Temple's Essays; the metal pen in Waller; the lock which opens by an adjustment of letters in Carew; the industrious fleas in *La Bruyère*.

I may add here the following passage of Macaulay, in which he quotes Seneca, with reference to what are ordinarily considered modern inventions:—

"In my own time," says Seneca, "there have been inventions of this sort: transparent windows; tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building; shorthand, which has been carried to such perfection, that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker."

Review of Bacon.

"A very intelligent physician in the Pacha's service, whom I met upon the Nile, pointed out to me a curious passage in Plautus, which seems to imply that magnetism was not unknown to the Romans:—

"*Mer. Quod si ego illum tractim tuncam, ut dormiat. Sos. Servaveris, nam continuas has tres noctes pervigilavit.*"

Amphytrion, Sc. I.

(*WARBURTON'S Crescent and Cross.*)

Swift shows us that our idea of the "fonetic nuz" is no news, when he tells us of "a foolish opinion advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak, which, besides the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our

etymology, would be a thing we never should see an end of.”—*Letter to the Lord High Treasurer.*

I hope I may be excused for adducing the following most curious passage from Statius, which, though it really only refers to the construction of a good Roman road through a rough country, might easily be taken for an accurate description or prophecy of modern railroads :—

“ At nunc quæ solidum diem terebat
 Horarum via facta vix duarum.
 Non tensæ volucrum per astra pennæ,
 Nec velocius ibitis carinæ.
 Hîc primus labor inchoare sulcos,
 Et rescindere limites, et alto
 Egestu penitus cavare terras :
 Mox haustas aliter replere fossas,
 Et summo gremium parare dorso,
 Ne nutent sola, ne maligna sedes,
 Et pressis dubiûm cubile saxis.
 Tunc umbonibus hinc et hinc coactis,
 Et crebris iter alligare gomphis.
 O quantæ pariter manus laborant !
 Hi cædant nemus, exuuntque montes,
 Hi ferro scopulos trabesque levant,
 Illi saxa ligant.”

Sylvæ, IV. 3.

The prophecy must have been verging on its accomplishment when Darwin said :—

“ Soon shall thy arm, intrepid steam ! afar,
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.”
Botanic Garden.



“ THE time has been,
 That, when his brains were out, the man would die ;”
 says Macbeth : but the time has never been when,
 though its brains were out, a religion would die, at
 least summarily. So true is what Bishop Berkeley

says, in his "Discourse to Magistrates : " " Things make a shift to subsist for a time on the credit of old notions." Since the last note written on this subject, I find that some strict Buddhist priests, called Gorgis, walk with a muslin guard about their mouths, to prevent the destruction of insects (CLARKSON'S *India and the Gospel*). A microscope of higher power will, of course, necessitate muslin of a closer texture, and so on ; in fact, the more their eyes are open to the " subordinations of insect life," the closer their mouths must be shut. The old orthodox religious way would have been, not like the Brahmin, to smash the microscope, but to make short work of the microscope-makers ; or to have maintained that the insects seen in it, were illusions of the devil.



THAT of which proud people are often the proudest, is their pride.



FRIENDS should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as medicine, when enemies use the same article as poison.

When foes dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence.

CHURCHILL.



SOME people have got a habit of talking about aiming at the ideal in form, who cannot copy decently a real face set before them. It is something

like talking about a "coming man and a new Christian development or dispensation," when as yet not a third of the most religious portion of society have half earned one of the beatitudes, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," or attended to its corollary, "in honour preferring one another."



To do to others as we would have them do to us is simple justice, though we fancy it is vast benevolence. Hence Confucius's grand maxim: "Humanity is the equity of the heart."



THANKS probably to a reaction, caused originally by the *hauteur* of the higher classes in a free country, the humbler ones in England are not particularly humble. In France, where courtesy in all classes is the rule, the first lesson of the small shopkeeper's wife to her child is, "*Sois poli.*" The English lesson may be expressed somewhat in this form, "Never mind, Bob, my boy, you're as good as him." Then think of this mother! More civil is the gent, impertinent in successful radiance, or indignant at suspected misappreciation: more courteous the supercilious young Haw, Haw, who declines any appearance of sympathy with those whom he supposes not to be of his order, and who, by making the orifice of the larynx as circular as possible, succeeds in producing an enunciation almost unintelligible, perhaps that his speech may

be in harmony with his spelling: less rude is the country half-gentleman, free and easy from occasional contact with a lord; less disagreeable all these *species* than the mother alluded to, especially if she has not contracted a habit of civility from contact with her husband's customers, and if she is neither young nor pretty, both which conditions soften wonderfully a woman's feelings, as well as the hearts and voices of those who address her.

You may open or shut windows for her; you may hand her, and her bundles, her nursery of children, and her nursery-garden of a nosegay, with the greatest suavity, into a public conveyance, it is all taken as her due, or as an attempt at condescension on your part, for which she thinks herself by no means a proper subject. If you get thanked, either with words, or with a smile, put it down as an extraordinary circumstance.

The impassiveness of the fashionable part of large audiences has been attributed to various causes; for instance, to a magnificent control over the emotions, which, in order to be ready for great occasions, practises itself in ridiculously small ones. However, the last few words of the following extract from one of Goldsmith's Essays, gives probably the most frequent cause:—

“How often, at the theatre, is the tear of sympathy and the burst of laughter repressed by a ridiculous species of pride, and refusing approbation to the author, and actor, and *renouncing society with the audience.*” This odious folly has, however, of late greatly diminished. Alphonse Karr alludes to the same thing in France: “*Ils ne veulent pas prostituer leurs larmes aux regards, ne permettre au vulgaire de sentir en même temps qu’eux, la même chose pour le même objet.*”

Einerly.

THOSE minds are generally very frivolous which find the main source of their entertainment in watching the little errors and absurdities of their neighbours. Yet, enormous is the number of persons in England who live mainly on this garbage : instead of amusing themselves with something more worthy of being called a pursuit ; unfortunately, it is as common in the young as in the old.



How should the aristocracy ever become an effete institution in England when it is so worshipped that a lord's chaplain, the schoolmaster who has had the luck to educate a lord's son, sometimes even the lord's tailor, is so flattered by the temporary affinity, that he is more of an aristocrat than my lord himself !



THERE are some books and characters so pleasant, or rather which contain so much that is pleasant, that criticism is perplexed, or silent. The hounds are perpetually at fault among the sweet-scented herbs and flowers that grow at the base of Etna.



THE rogue is sometimes at a loss as to which of two purposes he should apply his materials for rascality, when they are equally adapted to both : like the milkman of the metropolis, who stands with his lump of chalk in his hand, in doubt whether to grind it into his fraudulent milk, or to use it to double mark on his tally the items of his fraudulent reckoning.

IF you have been at war with society you have offended;—marry a rich wife as soon as possible, and society will probably receive you, both, warmly and with congratulations; flattering you, in order to justify itself by calling your prudence, penitence; and pleased, perhaps, with your wife, certainly with your conformity, and most certainly with your five thousand a year. But perhaps you are in despair as to such a result. Young, the pious author of the “Night Thoughts,” says you need not be whilst there is a Liberia.

The youth of fire that has drunk deep and played,
And killed his man, and triumphed o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unchanged, she spreads her charms,
And hugs the dear destroyer in her arms.

Love of Fame.



WHERE there is much general deformity nature has often, perhaps generally, accorded some one bodily grace even in over measure. So, no doubt, with the intellect and disposition, only it is frequently less apparent, and we give ourselves but little trouble to discover it.



A WORTHLESS broken little bit of looking-glass, glittering on the earth, will, say the fowlers, bring down the lark from her most towering height. How many a human aspiration has been checked by something similar!



I THINK it is in the precepts of Buddha that one

of the hardest and noblest efforts of self-conquest is said to be this : for the man who has studied, and informed himself, not to despise the man who has not done so. Buddha never contemplated such a turning of the tables as Churchill describes in the following lines :—

When with much pains your little learning's got,
'Tis an offence to those who have it not,
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Teaches your foes to rail, your friends to sneer.

This does not apply, as I have elsewhere shown, to true friends. Many "prophets *have* honour in their own country," perhaps even too much. This is generally in proportion to the degree in which they are *loved* in their immediate circle, or *unknown* in their neighbourhood. If in the latter a man chooses to be like Wordsworth's cuckoo :—

" No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery,

* * * * *

Still longed for, never seen ; "

he may be considered with some sort of respect. It is familiarity without friendship that destroys the prophet's honour. Montaigne, probably France's highest author, who used to go gossiping about among his neighbours without either much affectation, or affection, tells us that they laughed at the idea of his appearing in print.

But ignorance may be assured that it never looks more pitiful or pitiable, than when it is endeavouring to sneer at superior ability or information.

A French commentator on Molière quotes from Seneca what is particularly applicable here. I give it in his French : " Est il possible d'avoir du dégoût dans l'indigence."

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

CATULLUS.

How wise have the recent discoveries of Egyptian and Assyrian art and science proved the following words of Lord Bacon to be :—

“ I would not willingly imitate the manner of those who describe maps, which, when they come to some far countries, whereof they have no knowledge, set down, how there be great wastes and deserts there : so I am not apt to affirm that they knew little, because what they knew is little known to us.”

On the Interpretation of Nature.



WE are always fancying that we have arrived at the extreme possible ; yet we are doomed for ever to be mistaken. Take, as an important instance, Bacon's congratulating his age, in his “ Advancement of Learning,” on “ the consumption of all that ever can be said in controversies of religion.” And, as a minor one, Dr. Johnson maintaining, in the “ Idler,” that the “ trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement.”

How admirable is the following expression :—

“ L'incrédulité est quelque fois le vice d'un sot, et la crédulité le défaut d'un homme d'esprit. L'homme d'esprit voit loin dans l'immensité des possibles.”—CHARLES BEAUDELAIRE, *La Fanfarlo*.



AKIN to this are human prophecies. “ Oh the blindness,” says Burke, “ of the greatest statesmen to the infinite unlooked for combinations of things which lie hid in the dark prolific womb of ob-

security." He then predicts in the following strain : " I cannot, out of the three hundred members of whom the Irish Parliament is composed, discover that above three, or at the utmost four, Catholics would be returned to the House of Commons. But suppose they should amount to thirty, that is, to a tenth part, (a thing I hold impossible for a long series of years, and never very likely to happen,) what is this to those who are to balance them in the other house. For I think it absolutely impossible that in the course of many years above four or five peers should be created of that communion."

Hear Sir Henry Wotton congratulating Charles I. on his security :—

" We know not what a rebel is, what a plotter against the commonweal, nor what that is, which grammarians call treason." (*Remains.*)

Sir James Mackintosh says, in his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," that Harrington spoke confidently of the *impossibility* of a restoration, only six months before the actual return of Charles II.

Milton, in his " Mode of establishing a Free Commonwealth," little foresaw the fate of James II. when he says :—

" For kings to come, never forgetting their former ejection, *will be sure to fortify and arm themselves sufficiently for the future against all such attempts* hereafter from the people."

As vain a prophecy as that of Dryden respecting

Cromwell, which almost seems to have been volunteered on purpose to be falsified :—

His ashes in the peaceful urn shall rest.



WHEN the furious Orson saw his own image reflected from his brother's shield, he started back and stayed his blow ; and many of our own attacks upon our brother's faults might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his bosom, to show us our own likeness there.



ONE of the most difficult duties of politeness, if it be a duty, is conforming to some practice of the nonsense and absurdity of which we are fully convinced, but which is habitual with those amongst whom we may happen for the time to be placed, especially when they would be sure to call shocking their prejudices, hurting their feelings.



How often in society have we the spectacle of the giant led by the child ! Oh the mysteries of personal influence ! Not merely that of the *predominant intellect*, referred to in “ Julius Cæsar ” and “ Macbeth,” where “ *mon génie étonné tremble devant le tien*,” but where a mind, proved inferior by every mode, and on every occasion of trial, asserts a rule over its superior, and is submitted to. Where the ruler is feminine there is little occasion for surprise, but where both are men, it is extraordinary.

I will adduce one historical instance, and a remarkable one :—

“It was the same disposition that produced the pliancy of Cromwell to the suggestions of Ireton, the stooping of a mind of the highest class, to another, which, in magnitude of comprehension, could scarcely be said to equal his own, and which yet was worthily submitted to. And it was this same temper that filled Cromwell with admiration for the high and beautiful qualities of Fairfax, and made him say, and think at the time, that he had rather serve under him than command the greatest army in Europe. Cromwell was not like some usurpers on record, who stood aloof and regarded the community of mankind with a scowling look, as persons unworthy to come near them.”
GODWIN’S *Commonwealth*, Chap. XIII.



ON the circuit the legal warriors “strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.” (*Shakespeare.*) They remind one of those heroes of Odin “who,” says the Edda, “have every day the pleasure of arming themselves, of passing in review, of ranging themselves in order of battle . . . and of cutting one another to pieces ; but as soon as the hour of repast arrives, they return all safe and sound back to the Hall of Odin, and fall to eating and drinking.”



MEN’S fashions in dress formerly strutted pompously and magnificently into Bond-street, almost out of court ; now they lounge stealthily—by degrees and almost with the appearance of inadvertence—into Regent-street—the rough trowsers out of the racing-boat ; the wide-awake from the marine lounge,

or country plantation ; the straw hat from Lord's cricket-ground ; the sack from the railway-carriage.



EVERY new law, or an intelligible abstract of every new law, if such a thing is within the possibilities of English fabrication, ought to be posted at every town-hall and on every church door in the kingdom. Here China gives us a good hint. "Of the sixteen discourses," says Davis, "which are annually read to the Chinese people, the eighth inculcates the necessity of a general acquaintance with the penal laws, which are printed in a cheap form for the use of the people."

Not only have the French a simplified abstract of law. "The present general Norwegian code, framed from the older ones in 1687, was issued by Christian V, and is contained in a pocket volume, which is in the possession of every peasant. Of course, there have been many additions and modifications, which render it necessary often to consult legal men, but every peasant may have a good general understanding of the nature of the laws."—LAING'S *Norway*.

The most intelligent monarchs have shown the greatest anxiety for the simplification of law—Cæsar, Justinian, Charlemagne, Napoleon.

The Chinese give office only to merit; and strike at one root of nepotism, by forbidding near relations to hold offices under each other; and they have the good old Saxon custom of making a neighbourhood responsible for those within its verge, and the members of families mutually answerable. Almost all the Chinese can read; and, as with us, there are

evening schools for those who labour throughout the day.

Mutual responsibility exists in the towns and settlements on the Servian side of the Danube. (*Kohl.*)

“Robbers are very rare, as the nearest village or town is made responsible. Any article found on the highway is left on the spot.”—SPENCER’S *Circassia and Crim Tartary*.

“In Japan, too, every new law is publicly announced and placarded, and there is the same responsibility of neighbourhoods.”—*Japan and Japanese*, (*Murray.*)

The “Times” has recently made some excellent remarks on the subject of codification; but if codification is impossible, surely simplification, of some kind or other, is not.



THE old philosophers said that Nature abhors a vacuum; one would like, if it could be done quietly, to ask her what her feelings are with respect to Tomkins’s conversation.



FELIX qui congrua vero
Judicat, et primus censet quod cernimus omnes.

CLAUDIAN.

In the case of all great advances in physical science and philosophy, we can see the light clearly streaming from the pages of the discoverers and fathers of the change of system; but, except perhaps in the case of the authors of the Reformation and slave-trade abolition, it is less easy to lay our hand on the originators—as Howard and Mrs. Fry—of any great social or moral innovation! Even Luther said, “Can it be possible that I should be right with all these authorities against me?” All

here is tentative, and timid. Take up the divines, the best of them, and see if you can find any bold direct proposition of an extensive change in the existing social system of their day, however much needed. We have heard of one physical philosopher (falsely so called) who absolutely declined to see experiments which were calculated to subvert his previous theory ; but in social questions you may easily find a hundred, who, if facts were against them, would repeat the old saying, “ So much the worse for the facts.”

Will you hear reason ?

No, I will hear no reason, I come not hither

To be pop’t off with reason !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.



As a general rule, none obtain less sympathy than those who are continually running about to beg for it ; whilst it is often liberally proffered to those who are almost too proud to accept it. This is a pity, for the supplicators for sympathy, though sometimes rather tiresome people, are often very kind ones :—

So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea a useless shower,
And the vexed sailors curse the rain
For which poor shepherds prayed in vain.

WALLER.



NOTHING is more calculated to do good to the scholar than occasionally to mingle with literary

though unscholastic men; they do him good by sometimes driving him to his defence; they teach him that his studies, however elevated, are not the only mode of cultivating the taste, and informing the mind. Even their exuberances show him that there is a bold and formative, as well as that corrective taste on which he prides himself, and for the exercise of which they certainly sometimes give him ample opportunity; they teach him to sacrifice a little of that cherished fastidiousness which often insensibly leads to indolence, and which men frequently cannot distinguish from it. He would often find, amongst these unscholastic literary circles of London and the larger manufacturing towns, more zeal in the cause of taste; and more, far more, general activity in literary pursuits; and, I regret to say it, more general information, than in many university circles. But he would also find, if he added discernment to his scholarship, that the very best of the unscholastic class feel a depressing influence from the absence of classical attainment, and that all of them, however much they may argue against the classics, do not hesitate to put what little share of them they possess to its utmost use; and, if really distinguished as a scholar, he may find that even some of the display which he dislikes has the obtaining his good opinion as one of its objects.



IF a learned man converses learnedly, men are disposed to condemn him as a pedant; if he makes

no display, they give him but little credit for that reserve which custom, or perhaps even delicacy *towards them*, imposes, and for the “modest touch” “of that restraining art” (*Wordsworth*) which is one of the scholar’s greatest ornaments.



SOMETIMES the external demonstration of a passion increases, sometimes it diminishes the passion itself; this appears to depend greatly on its strength: a gush of tears relieves grief, an outburst of rage sometimes seems to exhaust it; on the other hand, frequently the mere imitation of the outward signs of a passion produces, or increases, or sustains, the internal feeling.

. . . When the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then *imitate the action of the tiger*;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
And set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height.

Shakespeare knew the efficacy of this as an actor. Burke, in the “Sublime and Beautiful,” says, “I have often observed that on mimicking the looks of angry or placid, frightened or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to that passion whose appearance I endeavoured to imitate! Nay, I am convinced it is hard to avoid it, though one strove to separate the passion from its correspondent gestures. The great physiognomist Campanella,

when he had a mind to penetrate into the dispositions of those he had to deal with, composed his face, his gesture, and his whole body, as nearly as he could, into the exact similitude of the person he intended to examine, and then carefully observed what turn of mind he seemed to acquire by the change." Montaigne, Richter, Tupper, and Dr. Moore, have all dwelt on the important results to be gained from this reaction. So superficial politeness, however much it may be abused, can rarely be altogether superficial; and it is even probable that the hypocrite feels, for "one blest moment," the impulse of the virtue, or kindness, which he is endeavouring to simulate; even in cases of insanity, what Goëthe says in the "Wilhelm Meister" is well worth observing:—

"Nothing more exposes us to insanity, than distinguishing ourselves from others; and nothing is more calculated to maintain our common sense, than living in the universal way with multitudes of men."

Miss Pardoe tells us, in the "City of the Sultan," "The Turks believe, in the case of idiots and madmen, that the spirit has been recalled by God; and the insane being is consequently regarded as almost saintly. Many make a trade of this, *affecting absence of thought or concentration of mind; and what begins as an imposture often ends in reality.*"



A MAN may very well afford to have grey hairs, when a wife or sweetheart is getting too blind to distinguish them.



A BACHELOR sees twenty or thirty pretty agree-

able women in a day, and deems fortunate, or felicitates, those who call them their own; he is too apt to forget that he could only be the tranquil, if tranquil! possessor of one of them. This is one of the ordinary delusions of celibacy.



WHAT use could the antediluvians have had for their tongues, when, in this nineteenth century, with its arts, its sciences, its discoveries, and its books, written to display and elucidate them, people still feel themselves often at a loss what to say?



Now when men are expected to drop their peculiarities of character, not to urge too much their favourite subjects, or display what they may consider to be their strong points, either of talent or acquirement, and when even sometimes sense itself is expected to commit suicide at the shrine of fashion; when private vanity must be suppressed, that the vanity of fashionable emptiness may not be assailed; the wit alone seems to be allowed to retain his true form—like the diamond, which, in a general attrition of gems and pebbles, would retain its points and angles the longest. Wit pays for its display by the amusement which it gives; costs little effort for its production; requires little knowledge generally for its appreciation, and certainly little time for either the one or the other; and the majority of men perhaps consider that they are not themselves altogether

without the faculty, even though they may rarely give proof of it.

One of the most odious things, and one which the writer of these pages would be the least inclined to justify, is pedantic and exclusive conversation. Society is right and wise in setting its face against it, were it merely on the ground of good feeling. A good-natured man, without perhaps any particular talent or information, may be worth all the literati of a society put together, and is just as likely to have his feelings hurt by finding himself excluded, as the literary man is by landed gentry, who choose to shut him out by confining the talk to what they know he does not understand—the price of acres, or breeds of sheep; but this is a different question from allowing frivolity to have entirely its own way. Shaftesbury's remark is as good as any that has been made on this subject: "'Tis a breach of the harmony of public conversation to take things in such a key as is above the common reach, puts others to silence, and robs them of their privilege of turn."—*Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*.



SUPERFICIAL extent is generally more appreciated than depth and certainty of knowledge.



It is almost always the metaphysically beautiful, very rarely physical beauty, which affects us to tears.



So strong is the love of the personal in children and in uneducated people, that if you visit a picture-gallery you will scarcely ever see them noticing landscapes, but always the historical subjects, even when they cannot understand them; indeed this is so much the taste of the majority, that it would probably never

be worth a publisher's while to bring out a series of good cheap landscapes.

They think of landscapes as Swift thought of Thomson's "Seasons." He says, in a letter to Sir Charles Nogan: "I am not over fond of them, because they are all description and *nothing is doing*." (For a great man, Swift had an enormous amount of the gossip in him; fortunately for us his gossip was often about really important events and interesting people.)

It was owing partly to the intense personality which prevailed in earlier times, in consequence of the greater amount of general ignorance, that so little encouragement was given to the art of landscape; but of all the earlier masters I do not believe more than twenty can be mentioned who professedly painted landscape, or even made it predominant in their pictures.

When we read that, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, "*qui a esté gardé pour sa beauté*," though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised that the prince should, at such a period, have been so enlightened.—HARRIS'S *Philological Enquiries*, Chap. xiv.



IT is difficult to decide when we have met with a regular "*non sequitur*," or to fancy that we know all people's reasons for what they may choose to do or refuse to do. For instance, if we were told that a gentleman positively declined making use of a foot-bath in the evening, because he had eaten rice pudding for dinner, we should not readily see the force of the argument on which the objection was grounded. Yet this, as Dr. Tschudi tells us, actually took place at Lima, where there appear to exist many strange ideas about the sympathies and antipathies of certain fluids and substances. (TSCHUDI'S *Brazil*.)

MEN talk about being tired of Greek and Latin, and of wanting some other models of taste to be set before their children. What models, except those of the very highest intrinsic merit, would have borne all the wearing and hackneying, all the use and abuse, which the classics have had to bear, without becoming absolutely disgusting? Yet they have still retained their sway and their honour; the secret of their indestructible freshness is their unaffected grace and their simplicity.



OH the mystery of personal influence! I must say once more, when I think how often, by an irresistible fascination, our affections are surprised and led captive by some one who has almost all the attributes of person and character to which we fancied beforehand that we had an unalterable aversion; and women are not at all safe from this fascination, though they regard all the items, et cæteras, and appendages, of character, person, and position, much more than men do, who are oftener taken by some single charm—a sweet voice, a bust, a smile, or an ancle; and sometimes they know not why.

Han' l'altre belle il bel da bei colori
De piu leggiadre fiori
Ma costei, non, perch' ella
Sol perch' è lei, è bella.—*Filli di Sciro.*

It is still oftener the case where the *insuperable objections* are in mere circumstances. Sir Thomas Wotton steadily determined to avoid three sorts of persons,—

Those that had children,
Those that had law-suits,
And those that were of his kindred;

but married Mrs. Eleanora Morton; "in whom," continues Walton, "there was a concurrence of all those accidents against which he had so seriously resolved."

WALTON'S *Life of Sir H. Wotton*.



QUICKNESS and accuracy of mind and eye for discovering resemblances and differences, though considered to be no uncommon faculty, is, I believe, far more rare than is generally supposed. I judge so from the utterly different things which are often noticed as parallels. For instance, I should not wonder if there were some who would confuse the principle referred to in the last note, with that alluded to by Pope, when he speaks of those who

Are ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when they touch the brink of all we hate.

These are the people who would see an astonishing resemblance between Milton and Kirke White, because they each of them had an interesting young friend who was drowned.



It is very convenient for those who possess no learning, to call the proved existence of it in others the ostentation of it.



IN stealing ideas, that is, by borrowing, and not *owning*, we also steal two items of praise, neither of which we deserve—that of being original, and that of being unpedantic; whilst we merit only one—that of knowing what is worth stealing; and it were to be wished that all plagiarists deserved even that.

However, plagiarism is very bad policy ; for when we have been once or twice detected, people deny us credit for what is really our own.



How curious is the passion for balances and totals in some minds, where they seem little applicable to the subject-matter. We have heard of a man who had more sympathy for a rule-of-three sum than for his nearest and dearest relatives. Kohl observed some Russian children at their catechism calculating, by addition and multiplication, on a black board, and with a piece of chalk, the number of the arch-angels and angels in heaven.



THE notion that hard-working literary men are, somehow or other, unfit material to make politicians of, from a disqualification arising from their mental habits, is at length pretty well exploded ; and, of course, ought to have been, from the time of Queen Elizabeth downwards, or even from a still earlier period.

Bacon (see *Private Correspondence*) and his erudite predecessor Sir Thos. More (see *Life* prefixed to the “*Utopia*”) cleared their courts of causes—no very common practice with ordinary chancellors. Both of them were fonder of their libraries than the court ; but see what good men of business *bookworms* may make when they are called to action. Bacon could take every man on his own business, and “outcant a London surgeon.” Pitt would retire to his classics after making a city deputation cry with rage at the discovery of their prevarications.

Many of the best judges of the practical in more modern times have found, on trial, that the man of extensive reading often made the best man of business. Gustavus appointed his classical instructor chancellor of Upsal, supreme judge of Gothland; created him a baron, and employed him on many of his most important embassies: and Buonaparte declared, that, had Corneille been alive, he would have made him his prime minister. Balzac's words on this subject are well worth noting:—

“La défiance que les hommes d'élite inspirent aux gens d'affaires, est remarquable: ils ne leur accordent le moins en leur reconnaissant le plus. Mais peut-être cette défiance est-elle un éloge. En leur voyant habiter le sommet des choses humaines les gens d'affaires ne croient pas les hommes supérieurs capables, de descendre aux infiniment petits détails—erreur—l'homme de cœur et l'homme de génie voit tout.”—BALZAC, *Ursule Mirouet*.

Even in former times, when the same man was allowed

“his powers to call

Into so many parts, and shine in all,”

(DRYDEN.)

there was still some prejudice against the scholar as unpractical. “Cicero was bred with greater advantage, and Plutarch, I think, says, that when he first appeared, the people used to call him, by way of derision, ‘the Greek and the Scholar.’”—BOLINGBROKE, *Spirit of Patriotism*.

But the prejudice against allowing a man greatness in two or three departments is, in the present day, gradually breaking down.

Bacon has given enough evidence on this subject at the commencement of his “*Advancement of Learning*.” But what they too often do want, and he himself is an instance of it, is principle.

How few literary men have honoured the literary profession as Chateaubriand did, who threw up his office immediately on hearing of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

Of late, indeed, many of the higher literary men in France have shown very high principle, if not in resigning office, in refusing it. What a contrast between them and many of the litterateurs of the first Revolution. It is as creditable as the general absence of atrocities in more recent disturbances, compared with those of the first Revolution, is to the entire people.

A government is, on the whole, far safer when mainly conducted by men of independent fortune and established position, if obstinate and dull, still honest, or who have comparatively little temptation to be otherwise, than by those who have their way to make, their means to gain, and their ambition to gratify.

“The most stiff partialist who *will* not see,” to use the quaint words of the poet Daniel, is more trustworthy than the man who sees both sides of a question too readily, or at too short intervals. There is a vast deal of writing about lofty principle, with a quiet twinkle in the eye, and of deeming

True and false, just and unjust,
Of no use but to be discussed.

Yet a few litterateurs, or even literary adventurers, are of the utmost use in the public counsels, to duly agitate important questions; to show to some of the duller members and scions of the aristocracy in both houses, to the monied men and country gentlemen, that there are more ways of viewing a question than one; to make the haughtier portion of the nobility bite their lip occasionally, instead of curling it with contempt at “mere authors,” by showing them that these men are immeasurably their intellectual supe-

riors ; and in powers of debate infinitely above the mass, if not more than a match for the very best of the hereditary legislators.



ALEXANDER DUMAS the elder makes mention, in his "Corricolo," of an ingenious book written to show how we may walk all day long through the different streets of Naples *without once getting into the sunshine*. Yet this is not so singular a work as at first sight it might appear to be, seeing the number of authors, who have written treatises, showing how we may travel through all the ramifications of the subject on which they treat, precisely in the same manner.



THERE have been a good many wonders in the world. One of them, and very much to the credit of the Jesuits, is, that Pascal died quietly in his bed. This is the best, and, perhaps, the only, confutation of many of the statements made in the "Provincial Letters."



IN the present day there is an immense effort to shadow the love of petty small talk and gossiping curiosity under the semblance of literary tastes and interests. The colour of a great man's hair, what he ate for his dinner, and, if possible, the name of his tailor, are marvellously stimulating to those who are content not to know one page of the writings that made the great man great.

WITH baser metals the workmanship is everything; but when it is a question of gold, we do not much care whether we get it in the dust, the nugget, or the sovereign: so with the form in which truth is offered to us. So, too, the grandest poetical ideas are independent of their vehicle. We should as soon think of scrupulously examining the vessel containing an elixir vitæ, or a certain antidote to poison.



JULIUS CÆSAR little thought, when writing his “Commentaries,” that he was helping barbarous Britain to conquer the Indies. (The “Commentaries” are studied at Addiscombe, and in most military colleges.)



COARSENESS of mind disregards, or rather is incapable of seeing, aptitudes; and often, measuring everything by wealth, makes the great mistake of fancying *nothing too good for it which it can pay for*.



How great must be the dislike of men of talent of a certain cast, to ordinary talk, when, for the sake of escaping it, as we are told by the historians, William of Orange hunted, Godolphin gambled, and the great Eugene of Savoy always had a musical band at his dinner.

HUMOUR seems often an almost unconscious possession, and one so thoroughly natural to those who are endowed with it, that they very rarely pride themselves upon it: but frequently upon some very different faculty, to which they have, comparatively speaking, no pretension. Wit, on the other hand, is often highly conscious: its sallies are distinct, and require some degree of effort. With real wit, too, there generally coexists some amount of mental cultivation, whilst with humour we often find a dreadful helplessness in every other respect.

Because perhaps humour almost always finds itself so well received, that it is content to go without learning. They seem almost incompatible. The humorous man, even when he is to a certain extent learned, generally throws off the appearance of the one when he wishes to exhibit the other. Even the literary efforts of humour lie principally in the description of externals; and the tendency to observe and study these often withdraws the mind from what is deeper. At the same time, the student, who is more inclined to get at the external through and from the internal, is amazed at the suddenness and sureness with which the humourist seizes upon the former.



It is almost as difficult, in England, for a Lord or a Mæcenas, to know whether his opinions, his taste, his productions, are accepted entirely for their own sake; as for a girl with an exorbitant fortune, to be sure that her person is so.



BALZAC, Georges Sand, and Paul de Kock, are all condemned as immoral. There is, however, the

greatest difference in the world in the manner in which they have made themselves amenable to this charge. Paul de Kock writes like a man almost unconsciously deficient in ordinary modesty; and where he is indelicate, it is chiefly for the sake of making his indelicacy an ingredient of fun. Balzac, who has more information, more industry, and more trenchant force than perhaps any of the French writers of fiction, is keenly, cunningly, and seriously sensual. Georges Sand's quarrel is with existing institutions and restraints; and had her own domestic relations been originally happily cast, it is probable she would never have given anyone occasion to accuse the tendency of her writings.



I HAVE known very few large families of brothers who have gone on to advanced life without any interruption of harmony. They were men who kept up, without stiffness, a certain amount of almost formal politeness towards each other, never allowing the closest intimacy to generate, or slide into, a habit of taking liberties.



By all means make yourself at home, if you stay only a week at your friend's, relative's, or brother's house; but if you stay for three months in another man's house, still make yourself just a shade less at home, than the master of it.



I HAVE known many individual instances of humility, but I never knew more than one family, in

easy circumstances, of which humility was the peculiar and remarkable grace ; and I never happened to hear a single sermon the express object of which was the exposure and chastisement of pride, in its various manifestations. “ *Quis custodiet, &c.*”



BACON, Montaigne, and Feltham, have said that the mass of mankind are utterly incapable of appreciating the grandest actions, or those that arise from the grandest motives. Perhaps on this point they go rather too far, or speak too universally ; it would have been more true had they spoken of the intellectual, than the moral. In the intellectual they like the common-place of their own thoughts repeated to them in a sonorous voice, and in grandiloquent language ; they like, in fact, magnified insignificance.

The fondness of children, and of simple people, for the repetition of the same thing, is beautifully alluded to by Lamartine :—“ *On s’y nourrit sans satiété, comme le peuple du même récit, et du même air, pendant des siècles. La Nature elle même, cette musique, et cette poésie suprême, qu’a t’elle autre chose, que deux ou trois paroles, et deux ou trois notes, toujours les mêmes, avec lesquelles elle attriste, ou enchante les hommes, depuis le premier soupir, jusqu’au dernier.*”

Confessions, (First Series.)

However, the words and notes are not quite so few as Lamartine makes them ; but this is French.



SIMPLICITY of style is safe for all. For those whose education has been much limited it is the only safety ; for if they will use an abundance of

fine words, they must either use them in combinations already familiar, and therefore generally unimpressive; or, if they attempt an original application, they must often hazard a wrong one. As it is fitting to know the character of a man before we introduce him to other men, so we ought to be aware of the different acceptations of a word before we put it in company with other words; and be it remembered that, to know the true meaning of a word, and to know what we mean by it, are widely different things. Hence, fine writing, in the hands of indifferently educated men, is generally a failure; alternating, as it is almost sure to do, between inaccuracy and common-place. In such hands, too, fine writing is often either very difficult, or too easy. If it is the result of much effort, it will be found that the language which does not come warm and fresh from the heart will not run truly into the mould of the meaning. It gets a chill. Many a girl, whilst putting false roses into her hair, has caught a cold, which has robbed her of the real ones in her cheeks. Again, in common-place decoration there is something essentially unreal: it seldom seems to convey a true record of experience—to be uttered from the life. Once more; simplicity, being both the child of nature, and, at the same time, the consummation of art, by adopting it sincerely in the former character, you may get some of the credit which attaches to it in the latter: just as, by gracefully conforming ourselves to limited circumstances, we may

give to our very necessity the honourable semblance of self-command.



THERE is probably no period of English literature in which a superficial observer would expect so little width and liberality of taste as in that which succeeded Dryden. Yet Addison was, at nearly the same time, directing the attention of his readers to the opposite merits of “*Paradise Lost*” and “*Chevy Chase* :” and Pope, with his power of the serried line and love for it, was liberally praising the looser and more disorderly beauties of Spenser.



MANY are the advantages to be gained from the study of the great English authors of bygone days. We get a little loose from the particular forms of opinion which tyrannize over our own age. We see, in flux, what are now fixed popular prejudices ; and we are enabled to canvas their reasonableness more freely. We discover much that teaches charity—find many men differing whom we should have expected to agree, and agreeing where we should have anticipated difference. We find truths, fresh in the grandeur and lustre of their first utterance, which the literature of our own day often only offers us freshly varnished. We find ourselves in a region of original expression, of words which have been out of fashion long enough to be ready to come into fashion again, of the models of styles

which have had recently, or are even now enjoying with the public, all the credit of originality. Do not let us be discouraged by that faded brown calf, by that fancied smell of mustiness, which we imagine to hang about the older portion of our libraries.



THE motives of mean minds and their accompanying manœuvres, their little envies, jealousies, and revenges, are often utterly incomprehensible to those who have lofty pursuits, or who are in the habit of thinking liberally. “*Il y a des absurdités,*” (says Emile Souvestre on another subject), “*devant lesquelles l’esprit s’arrête comme devant l’infini.*”



AND, on the other hand, a man of character—of a character variously compounded—conscious of the many circumstances and unsuspected influences by which it has been formed, seldom feels more indignant than when a very common-place one is endeavouring to analyze him, assign his motives, or predict his mode of action.



THREE of our professed satirists have been divines—Hall, Donne, and Young. The first and third scarcely separated the offices, and were severe in their divinity. And three of our divines have been keen satirists without professing it—Hooker, Barrow, and South; not personal satirists, because

their office forbade; and certainly, in the case of Hooker, feeling would have forbidden it. Yet their insight was so keen, and their discrimination so searching, that they might easily have been suspected of personality. As has been said of other great writers, like Owen, they could construct the entire character, if they only saw a joint of it, such adepts were they at anatomy, but generally, morbid anatomy.



IF we have already tares in our fields, it would only be adding to the evil to sow poppies there; but in the mental field it would be well if, by the side of every weed of mischief, we had the plant of oblivion, though we are not virtuous enough always to desire it.



IT is not, generally, good advice, to bid a person attend to fiction rather than to fact; but the Emperor of the French would, probably, be doing more radical good to his people if he were rather less strict about the two upper thirds of the French newspapers, and rather more so about the lower third. Unless, as Dryden says,

Our sense is nonsense through their pipes conveyed.

So, political fact is turned into fiction when conveyed through the columns of a French journal: in which case it may certainly do more harm than any *feuilleton*. Many of the small provincial papers, no doubt, have it all their own way in the *café* and in the

barracks ; but, perhaps, what Jules Janin says is, *in the main*, true, as regards the better class of national newspapers :—

“ Aujourd’hui, avant tout et pour tout homme qui fait un journal, la vérité est une nécessité aussi bien que la justice. Lisez tous les journaux du temps, et après les avoir lus, comparez les entre eux : je tiens pour certain, que, dans le fond, si non dans les formes, vous trouverez que tous ils s’accordent à flétrir ce qui est infame, à louer ce qui est noble et bon.”—*Introduction aux Contes.*

“ La vérité ;” yes, but do not let us have garbled extracts from English newspapers ; the truth, the whole truth. For, in politics, as frequently in other matters, he, who does not tell the whole truth, often does not tell the truth at all. Milton speaks of those who tell

“ Something true, to vent more lies ;”
(*Paradise Regained.*)

and Shakespeare of those who

“ Tell a known truth, to pass a thousand nothings with.”
All’s Well, &c.

“ Fa manto del vero alla mensogna.”
TASSO, IV. 25.

I will not bring a charge like this against the more respectable French editors ; but they, literally, have not space for fair discussion, or to tell the whole of a story even when they have liberty to do so.

Some of my readers may not be aware that the lowest third of each page of a French newspaper consists of some portion of a novel or romance called the *feuilleton*.



IT is often our misfortune to confuse the signs of unhappiness in the countenance with those of ill-

temper. When we find that we have made this mistake, we are inclined to say of physiognomical judgment that—"L'arte di conoscere gli uomini dalla fisionomia, e l'arte di fare giudizi temerarii."—*Igilda di Brivio*, by FINOLI.

But the two are often commingled; and as it requires a spirit of the very finest temper to preserve a cheerful exterior under the long-continued assaults of seen and unseen woe, so it requires a vision of the very finest discrimination to distinguish between the severity superinduced by grief, and the sourness of original ill-temper. "The best wine," says an old proverb, "makes the sharpest vinegar." And what Feltham says, in his "Resolves," is but too true: "Vexations, when they daily billow upon the mind, they froward even the sweetest soul, and, from a dainty affability, turn it to spleen and testiness."

Even high intellect contributes to acute sensibility. Thus Feltham in another "Resolve:"—

"Though consideration and a fool be contraries, yet nothing increases misery like it. Who ever knew a fool die of a discontenting melancholy? So poor a condition is man fallen to, that even his glory is become his punishment, and the rays of his wisdom light him but to see those anguishes which the darkness of his mind would cover."

Resolve on Thoughtfulness in Misery.

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes,
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain?

PRIOR'S *Solomon*.

Above the level of the vulgar mind,
Below in peace, more sad, as more refined.

CRABBE.

For, knowing nothing nicely, nor desiring it,
Quits many a fond vexation of the mind.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Nice Valour*.



THE man of mediocre education and position is, generally, the most particular about the education and accomplishments of his wife. A man of literary habits often seeks little more than sense and affection.



IN the early days of painting, colours were so expensive that the artist was rarely rich enough to buy them, and the patron who ordered the work provided him with the materials.

The materials were too rich to be furnished by the painter, but were bespoke or furnished at the cost of the person who employed him.

Notes to SHAFTESBURY'S *Advice to an Author*.

Nor is this over in the present day. If you get a flatterer to depict yourself, or anything that belongs to you, you will often find that you have still to *pay for the paint*.



ONE of the famous French beauties, I forget at this moment which, but I think Ninon, was in the habit, in the decline of her charms, of having her own face painted after a beautiful portrait taken of her at an earlier period, but which had always been a flattering one. It would not be a bad plan for those whose good qualities are exaggerated by par-

tiality, in the same way to paint themselves after their portraits. One of our old poets says :—

If I praised these men too much,
It was with purpose to have made them such.

BEN JONSON.

And another represents a character as having taken the hint :—

You make me so,
When you do think me such.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *Love's Pilgrimage*.

Flatteries oft work as far
As counsels, and as high th' endeavours raise.

DONNE.



IF we cannot destroy a bad system at once, we often try to regulate it; forgetting that, by regulating it, we may make it tolerable; and, by making it tolerable, may help to make it permanent.



IT is very well to talk about the wisdom of our forefathers, but it is difficult to see why our forefathers should not have had as many follies as ourselves; and each generation of forefathers a different set of follies. However, there is, doubtless, much truth in what Burke says :—

“If we must resort to prepossessions for the ground of opinion, it is in the nature of man rather to defer to the wisdom of times past, whose weakness is not before his eyes, than to the present, of whose imbecility he has daily experience.”—*Tracts on the Popery Laws*.

Still, there is the chance of a double evil here. What was folly in our forefathers would, probably, be still folly in us, and even what was their real wisdom might now be our imbecility.



WHAT is called taste, in the majority of cases, resolves itself very simply into a taste for being in the fashion.



AND, generally, this desire of being in the fashion does not merely arise from the monkey-instinct of imitation, but often from a desire that there may be no inference as to our pecuniary inability to be so.



WITHOUT denying to journalists that share of emotion which is felt on some subject or other by almost all men, there is a great deficiency of this article in much of our newspaper writing. Whether the judicial exercise of the mind required in public writers checks feeling; whether much emotion is incompatible with what is usually called clever writing; whether the largeness of the subjects with which they generally deal, dissipates, rather than concentrates warmth; whether the turning about a question, to view it on all sides, prevents much feeling on any; it is a fact, that there is often a want in journal writing of what, in private effusions, we should call—heart. There is, every now and then, a good deal of *ex cathedrâ* indignation and skilful descriptions of scenes calculated to excite much feeling in the reader;

but the paramount and pervading tone of perhaps most of our newspaper articles is that of banter where it is at all admissible.



A GREAT deal is said about the selfishness of children, and I have before referred to it in this volume ; but parents, too, have their selfishnesses. How children in the present day are dizened out and initiated in a life of vanity merely to gratify the selfish vanity of their parents ! How many daughters have withered away at the domestic hearth because parents would not allow of a match which might compromise their dignity !



How variously the element of time affects the mind according to circumstances and contrasts. Compare the commencement of the three happy days in the year, if we are only allowed three, and the commencement of the *last three*, if we are allowed thirty. One is all happiness, the other all regret.



It is a practice with envious natures to greet, at first, every kind of incipient superiority with which they meet, with a slight attempt at sarcasm.



HIGH society does not like to be shaken out of its elegant repose by persons of great energy, or a very original turn of thought, except it be of a humorous and amusing kind, just enough to dissipate *ennui*.

A FRAUD committed with treachery is something like robbery, with murder; for there is the stab to the feelings, as well as the loss.



IT is a common expression, "How poor are words!" and a more true one generally as regards emotions, than ideas; for, no doubt, there are a great many whose thoughts are set off to vast advantage by the use of words—words which, addressed to a good intellect, convey a great deal more than the inferior one ever meant, when it employed them.

Words, as used by different people, often remind us of representatives in the old House of Commons; in many cases the mere rotten borough had its *one* representative, and the active little township, with all its wants and interests, had no more; what is more than adequate to the one, being utterly insufficient for the other.



IF words were what some would have them be—the absolute exponents of thoughts—they would be almost limitless, according to the innumerable modifications of thought and feeling in individuals. Of course, we seldom take language absolutely. If two men of different taste and character make use of a word—"grand," for instance—we modify the sense of the word, according to our knowledge of the men.

TAYLOR'S idea, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life" (Chap. VIII.), of a spiritual language, of a plenary angelic communication of mind with mind, unembarrassed by the ordinary defects of language, is not new.

Observe the two following passages:—

Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be;
Who all the nonsense of our language see;
Who speak things, and our words, (their ill-drawn pictures,) scorn.—COWLEY, *Ode on Life*.

No aid of words the unbodied soul requires
To waft a wish, or embassy desires,
But by a throb, to spirits only given;
By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven;
Swifter than meteor's shaft, through summer skies
From soul to soul the glanced idea flies.

THOS. MOORE'S *Grecian Girl's Dream*.

I have avoided, as a rule, any general criticism upon books; but I will here add that some of the other fundamental ideas of the "Physical Theory" are to be found elsewhere. I do not say that they are plagiarisms; for Taylor is a fluent and rather despotic writer, who, rarely, in his ordinary works, deigns to stoop, and pick up even a golden apple in his course; he scarcely ever notices at all the writings of others, except to prove some particular point.

Here is the plenary energy of body:—

"We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our minds or bodies have undergone . . . We shall then, without weariness, move in our new vehicles, and transport ourselves from one part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity, than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses the distance of a mile."

Letter of the Duchess of Somerset to Lady Luaborough.

Identical with the latter part of Chap. III. of the "Physical

Theory." The plenary vision, in the following passage, exactly corresponds with Taylor's theory :—

"Glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily out-see the sun, and behold, without a perspective (glass), the extremest distances ; for if there shall be in the glorified eyes the faculty of sight, and reception of objects, I could think the visible species then, to be in as unlimitable way as now, the intellectual."—SIR T. BROWNE'S *Religio Medici*, Part II.

So, the long comparison of the movements of the celestial bodies to a clock-dial had been anticipated by Young :—

"Time was cut off and cast beneath the skies,
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,
That *horologe machinery* divine."

Night Thoughts, II.

The entire restoration of memory (Chap. v.) is in Chapman :—

"For we shall know each other, and past death
Retain those forms of knowledge learned in life ;
Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life but time."

CHAPMAN'S *Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*.

In the same way the words of Sir Walter Scott in his "Diary" for Dec., 1825, (*LOCKHART'S Life*), on the probable employments of the etherialized body might be substituted in the place of Taylor's in Chap. XIV. So, again, the description of stripping things of a flattering superficies (Chap. X.) may be found in Bacon's "Essay on Truth."



"THE words in prose ought to express the intended meaning ; if they attract attention to themselves, it is a fault ; in the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, without noticing the medium."—COLERIDGE'S *Table Talk*.

In cases of pure argument, even of a moral kind, Coleridge's doctrine is, no doubt, right; words as equal in their effect upon all minds as the signs of algebra, and as unmistakable in import, would be the best; but how small an amount of ordinary prose writing would come under this head! If a man of powerful and lively conceptions describes those conceptions truly, whether in prose or verse, we shall be sure to notice the medium; for in the medium itself, not merely in arrangement, but generally in words, there will be necessarily some novelty, and this, as novelty, will strike us. Constituted as we are it would be impossible to view the thing signified without also noticing the sign. This will happen even in the case of history and narrative; still more where the writer is speaking, not merely as a depictor, and describer, but as a person of certain feelings, purposes, convictions more or less earnest, distinct, or comprehensive. Repeated, as even the same moral truths have been, from age to age, the repetition would be intolerably wearisome, instead of interesting, which it often is, did not writers of genius manage to give us, over and above the clear literal exhibition of the truth or opinion, something of their own character. "Speak so that I may see thee," is an old requirement, which man loves to make of man. It is not enough that this or that particular truth has gained a fresh adherent, we want to know what kind of adherent he is. "Every single observation," says Shenstone, in one of his

fragments, "that is published by a man of genius, be it never so trivial, should be esteemed of importance, because he *speaks from his own impressions*," and, into the expression, something distinct and noticeable is almost sure to creep.

When we speak of felicitous, we are usually supposed to mean something more than, perspicuous, expression, or, if felicitous means no more than unusually perspicuous, the epithet of praise still shows that our attention must have been distinctly called to the expression which seems to have merited it. Is this an evil? We should almost gather so from Coleridge's language. Is then the most common-place phraseology, provided it conveys the conception, better than a new frame, because less calculated, by intervening, to divert the mind? Why often, when the expression is trite, the idea so far from arousing more, arouses less attention, because the medium excites none! A new word is like a new garb, and we will press this comparison here, though it has been made, in the general, before. It does, to a certain extent, divert our attention from the man, and yet it makes us, as it were, identify him anew, notice him more, and gives us for a time a fresh interest in him.

Supposing we understand the fresh and unusual expression, do we grudge the short time during which it arrests us, whilst we are perhaps contemplating its novelty, or judging of its adequacy to the conception? The difference of time between read-

ing ten lines of common-place and ten lines of striking expression is scarcely appreciable, unless we linger to admire, or linger to record, and this can scarcely be an evil. If we are to be so guarded against the possible attractions of language, we should hardly know whether, on the introduction of a new and good term, to praise the importer or to blame him for detaining our ear on a new sound, or our eye on an unusual form of the letter-press.



I AM far from wishing to give pain to a numerous and important class of her Majesty's subjects, and perhaps they are not likely to be deeply affected by my remark ; but I must affirm it as my belief, that there is no conceit like that of eighteen and twenty-two inclusive. I speak of the male sex. If you want to hear heavy and unflinching decisions about things and persons, look for them there. The mature man, if he has never bowed to men, has been fifty times beaten by circumstances, and the veriest old buck has the martingale of faintness at heart, from the consciousness of failing powers, and supplementary decorations. But young men, if in prosperous health and circumstances, have no such curbing. Perhaps this confidence may be a natural and necessary accompaniment of the ardour intended to enable them to plant the fore-foot firmly and hopefully forward in the first step into life ; but it is a pity that it is so often accompanied with a ready contempt for

what does not please them. Thus, for only one instance, the ambitious undergraduate often despises the college don, who has gained all the honours to which the undergraduate aspires ; and which, if he could gain them, would raise him to the seventh heaven of self-satisfaction. Not being a college "authority" myself, my illustration is quite an impartial one



THE fair sex generally exult and are delighted at the submission of a long defaulter, as a kind of compliment to the sex ; but their triumph is, for the most part, founded on entirely wrong principles. When an old gentleman, in a state not absolutely irresponsible, but who can scarcely put one foot before the other, takes the grand step, and makes to some young lady the dotation of his infirmities, it generally arises from an oriental feeling, uneradicable from the minds of many men, and far more widely felt than plainly expressed, of the absolute superiority of the one sex and subordination of the other. However, it is occasionally found out, afterwards, that the "other party" has taken an entirely opposite view of the question.



To be eternally talking about ourselves, our own virtues, faults, and families, is very far indeed from being an infallible sign of selfishness in action, but it is a symptom.

STILL, if we are incapable of anything but personal conversation, it may be, on the whole, safer to make ourselves the subject of it, than other people.



VIOLENCE in the voice is often only the death-rattle of reason in the throat ; and ordinary gossip often about equivalent to the weak, yet indefatigable, movements of palsy in the tongue.



OUR gifts are often in accordance with our own characters. William of Orange gave Dr. Walker a troop of horse (see HORNE TOOKE'S *Speech on his Eligibility to a Seat in the House of Commons*), and offered Swift another, not that in either of these cases he was very wrong in his men : indeed Walker proved it.



HE declared (PITT, *Speech on Reform*) that “ he felt sensations of *awe* and *difficulty*, of *embarrassment* and *diffidence*, when he rose to take into consideration a topic so weighty as that of the principles of a constitution which was alike the *envy* and *admiration* of the world. . . . He desired to restore the true spirit to our constitution, and to bring it back to that *stability* and *rigour* which *time* and *changes*, *accidents* and *events* had contributed to *enfeeble* and *diminish*.” This is part of a speech of a man of noble spirit, great talent, and self-sacrificing patriot-

ism — but, for the style, it might well keep wide awake the same House of Commons which Mr. Burke sent to sleep. I have quoted the passage, however, because this style is always a prevalent one.

Sheridan who, though of course opposed to Pitt in politics, was always ready to do justice to his talent, said, after listening to one of these speeches, that “he had communicated nearly as few ideas as if he had risen and beaten a drum or sounded a trumpet.”—*Speech on Overtures from Buonaparte for Peace, June 27, 1800.*

While condemning the inflation and wordiness of the style, I am glad to append the following tribute to the *man* even from a French pen :—

“I saw in Pitt the statesman whose words were acts, and who, when Europe was crumbling, stood almost alone in maintaining his country erect, on the basis of his own good sense, and the firmness of his own character.”

LAMARTINE'S *Raphael*.



IF Venus sometimes appears in the character “Vulgaris,” the pure Diana often takes the unpleasing attributes of Hecate.



PRIDE greatly resembles the disorder of hysteria in putting on the most opposite appearances. Sometimes it is haughty and daring as a lion; sometimes retiring as a maid; sometimes dictatorial, as often silent. After middle age, if the complaint does not go off altogether, at any rate it is less remarkable for variety of aspects. Bashfulness, too, resembles, in no small measure, the disease

above-mentioned—often, as if to escape from itself, it rushes violently into over-boldness.

I have known men disagreeably forward from their shyness.—ARNOLD, *Letter LVIII.*

Just as excessive kindness is often hid under what seems to be an intentionally abrupt manner. I need only allude to the stock, stage “old uncle.”

In this case, too, if the complaint survives the youth of the patients, or their marriage, it ceases, at least, to manifest itself in inconsistencies. Love, as a passion, is, in some respects, like ague; it has its hot and cold fits, and its tremours: its accesses are sometimes quotidian, sometimes tertian, sometimes quartan, and so on. Avarice is more similar, in many respects, to gout; attacking generally, though not always, the aged; and frequently carrying off, or rather, perhaps, absorbing into itself, every other unwholesome affection. So does love, indeed, for a time; and in this point also resembles ague, according to old-fashioned medical notions.

As some men think that agues physic are, remarks one of our old poets—I believe Donne.

Fear is often said to paralyse, and resembles paralysis, not only in the inability to fly from even what it dreads, but often, too, in dreading a mere touch. This particular form of the disease is described by Dr. Moore, in his “Use of the Body in relation to the Mind:”—

“It happens in some forms of palsy that the feeling, which is altogether deficient in one part, is ex-

quisite in another. It is not unfrequently found that the affection of the brain, which produces paralysis of nerves of volition, increases the power of those of sensation. Thus I have seen a person groaning from the pressure of the bed-clothes, and to whom a breath of cool air was agony, who, nevertheless, had no power to use his muscles."

Jealousy is an agonizing stomach-ache, which often accompanies a surfeit of the "bitter-sweet" diet of love, best cured by an expulsion of the food which causes it. Strong prejudice is a jaundice, because there is nothing which it cannot discolour to the mental eye: and Horace has well compared covetousness to dropsy, because to be cured it must be cured radically, in its causes—not by indulgence, for the more it drinks the more it desires; and, for evident reasons, drunkenness is hydrophobia. Grief is atrophy, not only wearing out the frame, but often refusing to find nourishment on ordinary or even delicate diet, which would render doubly cheerful and hearty those not afflicted with it.



NOTHING gives a man such a just and reasonable independence of spirit as acquaintance with the master-minds of his country. A man need feel little awe in the presence of an ordinary living nobleman, when he is daily in the habit in his study of conversing with those who have gained an inalienable nobility.

Any man shall speak the better when he knows what others have said, and sometimes the consciousness of his in-

ward knowledge gives a confidence to his outward behaviour, which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.—FELTHAM'S *Resolves. On Wisdom and Science.*



IN the present condition of the world, in order that the olive may flourish, we must not allow the laurel of military honour, which grows beside it, to decay, or to shed too many of its leaves: hereafter the wide-spreading banyan-tree of commerce will blight the latter, and take its honours from the former; or the mustard-seed will overshadow the world with its branches, and the normal state of society be such, that peace shall no longer be a distinctive name.

This is not my own. I remember years ago, in the examination schools at Oxford, hearing Mr. Garbett or Mr. Sewell show the analogy between the mustard-tree and the just, peaceful, and all-embracing kingdom, imagined by Butler in his "Analogy," Part I. Chap. 3.



MR. COBDEN was only ridiculously wrong in his prophecies respecting peace, because, rather overestimating, as most men do, the evidence derived from his own calling, he was a little too early in making them; but I will now venture to say, that if peace could be maintained from the present moment, with little interruption, for the next forty or fifty years, commerce would have forged such manacles for the hands of war as it would be scarcely possible to break.

IT is difficult to set a limit to the excuses we ought to make for any man separated from his kind by some dread calamity in person or circumstances. Since writing my note on Swift, I have re-read Thackeray's "Humourists," and am fain to confess that he has perhaps, on the whole, said all that could be said, fairly, on behalf of the dean. He has dipped his animated and animating pencil

In the gloom of earthquake and eclipse,
for once, and his subject needed it: but my general impression was, that he had let in even fewer gleams of light than he really has done.

It is for every reader of Swift to decide, according to his own temperament, of the degree of perversion and of "sæva indignatio," to be pardoned to a man whom an honest archbishop, after a private interview, pronounced to be "miserrimus," "most unhappy." His kindnesses to persons whom he really esteemed, displayed *occasionally* with too much, but still, considering his sudden rise, perhaps pardonable, ostentation, are freely and fairly acknowledged throughout Thackeray's volume. Swift's cloacism is without excuse, because no amount of pent-up anguish could really be relieved by such a vent.



WOMEN, but by no means all women, are often excessively fond of teasing those whom they love. It is generally the very impassioned in temperament, or the very cold who do so. The latter, where love is comparatively languid, may do it almost constantly:

the former, just in the intervals when the pulse of love rather intermits; and in this case it seems only to be a part or form of the general craving for excitement of some kind or other. Sometimes we have a confession of this passion for tormenting.

Gudruna of Norway (MALLET'S *Northern Antiquities*) had had four husbands. Her son "one day had the curiosity to ask her for which of her wooers she had entertained the greatest affection. Gudruna replied by saying something in praise of each of her husbands; but, on Bolli reiterating his question, she exclaimed with a sigh: 'He to whom I was the most evil-disposed was the most beloved by me.'"

I will not say that men are never guilty of the same thing. Most of them know the power of tenderness after a reconciliation. They will

Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to increase their pleasing appetite.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Woman Hater*.

Besides, for all his love, in self-despite
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows soft and new.

KEATS'S *Lamia*.

Reconciliation is the strongest stimulant to decaying passion; but I would not advise any man to try it too often, or to quarrel for the sake of it. It will not last for ever.



It is very bad policy to attack all a man's faults at once.

Cassius is aweary of the world,
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,

Checked like a bondman, *all his faults observed,*
Set in a note-book, learnt and conned by rote
To cast into my teeth.

It does more good solemnly to execute a single criminal, than to hang up summarily a dozen : wholesale executions generally produce disrespect, or desperation, or both.



THE great use of reading the memoirs of men of excessive, and apparently irresistible, eccentricities of mind, is, that we may be prepared, and make allowances for the infinite but undefined grades of approach to these peculiarities in more ordinary men.

Such, for instance, as those of Shelley, who, according to one of his recent biographers, seems occasionally to have acted, on the mere fictions of his imagination, as on facts that had positively occurred : or Swedenbourg, of whom Emerson says, " Whatever he saw, through some excessive determination to form in his constitution, he saw not abstractly, but in pictures, heard it in dialogues, constructed it in events. When he attempted to announce the law most sanely, he was forced to couch it in parables."



THE heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.



IMAGINATION, excited in those who are novices as to its effects, and who have felt it so little that they have never learnt to control it, is like wine as Waller has described it.

They that never had the use
Of the grapes' surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup,
All their reason render up.

Dugald Stewart has some excellent remarks on this subject, which I have quoted in the introduction to "English Repetitions." I may add to what I have there said, that a rarely excited and unregulated imagination is one of the main roots of popular superstition with all its violent consequences.

"Some possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess them ;"

says an old dramatist—I think Jonson ; and the same may be said of imagination : there is not a little difference between possessing it, and being possessed by it.



THAT which you plant in the mind, if it does not take root, and grow itself there, may serve as a prop to something else that will. And, at the worst, if you only collect, instead of creating, or producing, it will serve as a kind of post to hang other knowledge upon.



THERE are three modes of dealing with an adversary besides that of adducing argument. One is to pretend indignation ; another, to feign want of comprehension ; and the third is, the "great is Diana of the Ephesians" method, or Luther's "*hoc est corpus, hoc est corpus !*" in his argument with Zuingle, where we drown the voice of our opponent by indefatigably stating, without supporting, our own proposition.

WHEN we hear two parties in the Church, whose mutual animosities are known to be most bitter, perpetually talking about “the *pain* they feel” and “how *painful* it is” to be contradicting each other, we are almost tempted to long for the old-fashioned open scurrility of earlier religious controversialists, and to think that, though Coleridge was wrong in writing “Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,” his apology for it is not altogether without truth. That at the bottom there was more real cordiality, more thorough generosity of feeling between Whitefield, and Wesley, between Luther and some of his opponents, in spite of their open-mouthed attacks, than there is between modern high and low Church, there can be no doubt.



THE title of hypocrite is easily earned, and readily applied very often where it is little deserved : irresolution receives it, and so even may sheer amiability, where a man pursues a double course of action ; one to please himself, and another not openly to violate the feelings of those who are dear to him.



WE are very often most ready to grant licences to others, having our own case in view ; as where epicurean, but decorous guests, at a table, show *excessive* assiduity in assisting others to delicacies they sometimes have mainly in prospect the pleasure of subsequently helping themselves.

THE principle of the excessive division of labour seems to have been applied to religion earlier than to manufactures, or rather, perhaps, may be said to have made a manufacture of religion. "The laws of Edgar state that a mighty man, if rich in friends, may thus, with their aid, lighten his penance If his penance was imposed for seven years, he might take to his aid twelve men, and fast three days, on bread, green herbs, and water, he might then get seven times one hundred and twenty men, whomsoever he could, who should all fast three days, and thus make up as many days of penance as there are days in seven years. Thus a penance of seven years might be got through in a week." (TURNER'S *Anglo-Saxons*.) "Thus, at a grand Abyssinian funeral, it is usual to go through the whole of the psalms: this is accomplished, by collecting as many priests as possible, who all read away at full speed, at the same time, each taking a separate portion." (PARKYNS'S *Abyssinia*.) "Not that this ought to excite our surprise in a church which has appointed a saint's day for Balaam's ass." (*The Christian Religion, an account of every Sect, &c.* CRADOCK.) "Their setting apart a day in special honour of the wife of Pontius Pilate is much more reasonable." (*Ibid.*)



IF you can distinguish between a cut from the upper or under side of a sirloin, do not consider that you are entirely cut up. And if you care much

about the difference between well-done and under-done, do not speak of yourself as utterly *undone*.



Do not always refuse to weep with those who weep, because their cause for tears does not appear *to you*, to be precisely adequate to the effect.



It has been a good deal the fashion of late to talk against evidence by miracles. Certainly, to many minds they may not be the strongest description of evidence; but that they are not easily fabricated, is shown pretty clearly in the case of Mahomet, who, I believe, could never accomplish even a plausible one.



IF Rome was the Mars, Greece was the Minerva of nations, for she had valour and the arts too.



EVERY one who destroys a life destroys, in one sense, an entire external world, in destroying the power of perceiving and enjoying it.



THE clever plagiarist is entitled to a pillory on Mount Parnassus; the stupid one, to a gibbet in Grub-street.



EVERYWHERE we see much equality, especially in advantages. War and peace have both their

vices. Persecution breeds activity, unity indolence. Wealth has its voluptuousness, poverty its coarsenesses. The impassioned man does much good and much harm, the languid man little of either. If many admonitions tell by their frequency, few, often tell still more, by their rarity. He who knows how to do most good, knows how, by the same comprehensiveness of intellect, to do most evil. To talk about absolute equality of happiness, as some people do, is nonsense; but still, if we knew everything, we should very often find men on earth as Tasso describes them in Heaven:—

Disegualmente in lor letizia eguali.

Gierus. Lib. Cant. ix.



How much of our apparent love of novelty is only love for the old thing in a new medium. The citizen's trip to Gravesend often aims at little more than the old glass of brandy and water, in a Gravesend frame.



SOME of our poets have been skilful enough to gain the force of two words, in using one, where there is a similarity of sound; thus, in Shakespeare:—

The wise man's folly is anatomised
E'en by the *squandering* glances of the fool.

As you like it.

Here the mind takes in the similar word *wandering*, which is also applicable.

Again, in Scott's "Lay," &c.

Twinkling faint and distant far
Shimmers through mist the evening star ;

glimmers comes necessarily into the mind as well,
as an echo of a word so closely resembling it.



WHATEVER some philosophers may say, utility can scarcely be the *main* constituent of beauty, when many of the ideas of our poets, the sole end and aim of which have been to gratify the imagination, must be owned at all hands to be more beautiful than some of those of our philosophers, the object and effect of which have been greatly to improve our external condition.



WE need not be surprised that what is intensely ludicrous to one person is not in the least so to another, if we admit, which I think we must do, that the ridiculous chiefly consists in bringing the great and the little together, in putting the low in the position of the lofty, and the lofty of the low—because all depends on the *preconceived idea* of the magnitude or insignificance of certain objects, in which men, even of equal sense, may occasionally disagree.



MANY people have inaccurate senses, accurate enough, indeed, for all the ordinary purposes of life,

but still inaccurate. It is of no use to be impatient with them for what they cannot help.

Who knows, for instance, how many *approaches* there may be, both in the sight and in the other senses, to such peculiarities as that of Dalton the chemist, who could not distinguish colours? Dugald Stewart and one of the Marlborough family are said to have had the same incapacity; nor are these by any means the only cases. There would be no end of quoting instances of fineness of sense gained by exercise, or where one sense has had to supply the “failing ministries” of another. As to the faculty of taste, the following case, mentioned by Addison, is worth quoting, as one of the most extraordinary on record:—“I knew a person that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him, and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken.”—*Spectator*, No. 409.



ELDERLY ladies, especially in England, are the best guardians of the young, because they allow less to passion, think more of religion, appreciate more highly respectability of position, and often are more anxious for the safety of the young generally—an anxiety reflected from their present or former solicitude for their own children.



SOME people are never tired of exacting. A man gave up a very favourite pursuit because it was not

genteel enough for his friends, and got a pet dog as a consolation.

And his friends wished the cur was dead,
Because it was not thorough-bred.

In a fit of recklessness, he took to eating nuts publicly, and throwing the shells about in Hyde Park, and a deputation of six unexceptionables came to remonstrate with him the next morning.



WHEN human intellect acts upon human intellect it is by no means always “diamond cut diamond;” but it is more often metal acting on the same metal, only in a different condition: the highly-tempered steel cutting into the “brute” iron, or acting upon it through some other medium; as when the poker stirs the furnace which is smelting its kindred ore.



IT not unfrequently happens that people like a man whilst they *make* him, but rather change their feelings when they find they cannot *unmake* him—that is to say, when they cease to be the sole creators of his credit, or when it has stretched beyond the point which they have chosen to accord.



IT is not often that Aristotle makes omissions in similar matters; but it seems that in his enumeration of courage, true and false, and its grounds, he has

left out the courage of association and the courage of desperation, for the latter does not answer to his description of the *θρασύς*, or rash man. Perhaps he considered that despair itself being a certain sort of timidity, nothing springing from it could merit the name of courage, even of an inferior order:—

To be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear.
SHAKESPEARE.

The English reader may find Aristotle's enumeration in Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," Act III. Scene 5.



IN many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in frowns, and moods, and wrinkles strange.
Sonnets.

I suppose Shakespeare means that where we see contortions habitual to a countenance, we are to presume that they have been produced by a constant practice of simulating or dissimulating the emotions of the mind.



As an addition to the note upon "new-found old inventions," I may mention Puseyism; only it formerly appeared under another name and at another university.

"Gunning was the respondent, who was afterwards advanced, first to Chichester, and then to Ely. He was a man of great reading, and noted for a special subtlety in arguing. . . . He was much set on the reconciling us with Popery on some points;

and, because the charge of idolatry seemed a bar to all thoughts of reconciliation with them, he set himself with very great zeal to clear the Church of Rome of (the charge of?) idolatry. . . . He was for our conforming in all things to the rules of the primitive church: particularly in praying for the dead, in the use of oil, and many other rituals. *He formed many in Cambridge upon his own notions, who have carried them perhaps farther than he intended."*

BURNET'S *History of His Own Time*.

Whether soil or season has been fitter, the roots seem to have struck deeper, and the branches to have spread wider, at Oxford. However, it is something to show that Oxford is not always the last in improvement, or the first in its opposite. Macaulay, who never misses the opportunity of a sneer at Oxford, says:—

"In the hot competition of bigots and slaves, the university of Oxford had the unquestioned pre-eminence. The glory of being further behind the age than any other portion of the British people is one which that learned body acquired early and has never lost."—*Review of* SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S *History of the Revolution*.

This is very questionable; for instance, at the time of the general revival of learning at the universities. Tytler says, in his "Henry VIII," Cambridge required an improved system still more than Oxford.

He tells us that Antony Wood, in his "Annals," speaks in the lowest terms of Cambridge, and says that "if it had not been for Robert Barnes, prior of the Augustins, who effected, with the help of his scholar, Tom Purcell, an entrance into learning, and read Terence, Plautus, Cicero and 'Copia Verborum,' that university must have been reduced to a very miserable estate."

At this, therefore, one of the most important university eras, Oxford does not seem to have been behindhand. I have quoted merely by way of defence, (and even that not what Pascal calls a "défense meurtrière,") not of attack: for I do not approve of such general attacks as those of Lord Macaulay, however common they may have been, and they have been grievously so.



BEFORE thee at thy beck the spirits are :

What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals, say ?

BYRON. *Manfred.*

When they have once submitted themselves to the printer's imp, the spirits have given us the clue and the right to summon them, and come they must, within the magic circle, to give their testimony. Who can look at his notes and references without seeing the most fiercely discordant spirits bound to give in their evidence ; celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, frowning at each other, but often compelled to bear witness to the same truth ?

THE habit of giving no references is very common, and increasingly so in the present day. There need be no hesitation in saying that it is a very bad one. Men do not get important *special* facts merely from instinct or genius ; and if the facts are so special as to be worth recording at all, it is seldom difficult for a writer to remember where he has picked them up. If a man cannot remember chapter and verse, he might, at any rate, give a general reference to the works of his authority. Is it avoided for the sake of appearing to shun a semblance of display ? What a foolish attempt to thrust modesty or originality into that which is not their province. If it is not vanity for a man to show his knowledge, surely neither is it vanity to show whence he derived it, as the reader would generally be glad to know its original source. It would be well if the habit of giving authorities were sometimes observed even in reviews and newspapers.

“I suppose that no man writing with his name would allow himself to write in the style which newspaper writers often use ; if you and I write with our names, it would be no wonder at all if we should write moderately, &c.”

ARNOLD'S *Letters*, CCXXII.

It is rather too much for a man to enjoy a *double* irresponsibility, by withholding both his name and his authorities. Review-writing would be more cautious than it often is, if a man were bound to give either the one or the other. Nor is this confined merely to facts : it applies often to the wording of

sentiments. I could show passages in Emerson's writings, for instance, taken nearly word for word from other authors without the slightest acknowledgment. To conclude -after all that has been thought and written by our precursors, it seems to me something uncommonly like presumption, ingratitude, or ignorance, to finish off sheet after sheet, without the least recognition of the thought or labour of others.

Emerson, in some part of his works, generally puts forth a defence of his practices, as I have before shown. On the matter now before us, he says, in his Essay on Shakespeare in "Representative Men," "It has come to be, practically, a sort of rule in literature that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion."

Among whom has it "come to be a sort of rule?" There are many who would prefer Dr. Johnson's scrupulous honesty, who will not even borrow three words together from Warton without recognizing the owner (see *Life of Addison*), or poor Savage's, who, Johnson says, "was so accurate as to relate that he owed three words in the 'Wanderer' to the advice of his friends."—*Life of Savage*.

Nevertheless, in spite of Emerson's plagiarisms, tendency to mysticism, wide assertions, and, as I think, erroneous opinions, the other essayists, with the exception of Bacon and Montaigne, are poor by his side. Look, for instance, at the "Essay on Manners" and that on "Compensation," how near they go in their close compact eloquence to the complete exhaustion of their subjects. I will not call his manner affected, because his shortness is the natural result of his closeness and fulness.



THE test of the merit of a book is not so much, whether it will bear a second, or a third reading at

short intervals: but whether it will appear equally original, and equally true, when read at intervals of ten, fifteen, or twenty years. The passages which a man would mark at twenty, he would generally no longer mark at forty, and that, less from an increase of knowledge than a change of feeling. Great is the merit of that book which contains much that responds, in some measure, to the different phases of thought in every era of human life.



THE old, when they triumph too gloriously over the young, may sometimes be reminded that they often lose in memory more than they gain in judgment; and that the more recent facts of their lives are often so slightly recorded as scarcely to add to their aggregate of experience, and that more is often lost in nerve, than is gained in tact.

Young princes resolute to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise;
Old warriors though successful still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.

DRYDEN.



ARE there really people without any heartiness, without a moment's geniality, or "abandon" to any of the stronger emotions? One is sometimes tempted to think so: where, however, there is much play or varying expression in the countenance, we shall generally be right in surmising that the cor-

responding emotions are sometimes indulged in private, or with special confidants, though perhaps in public.



AFFRONTS are often quite invaluable things to the receiver, especially in those cases where one of them is allowed to cancel fifty benefits.



IT is rather an unpolite habit, though by no means an uncommon one, from idle curiosity or the mere love to talk, to ask people where they are going, or what they are going to do, at a given time. In the first place, if they have positively decided, they may not particularly wish to tell us; and, in the second, people often feel quite difficulty enough in making good their engagements to themselves, without feeling scruples, because they have quite unnecessarily committed themselves in a measure, to others. To some natures, indeed, this kind of questioning must be absolutely intolerable; to such a man as Shenstone, for instance, who says in his *Essays*: “It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes beforehand.” Or Cowley:—

Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.

Ode to Liberty.

USEFUL fines. A fine upon every owner of house-property, or builder, who shall affix to any row, street, terrace, square, walk, place, crescent, court, alley, or other collection of tenements, the names of King's, Queen's, Johns, Montpellier, or Westbourne.

A fine upon all churchwardens or tradesmen who, by publicly exhibiting clocks, profess to indicate the time of day to the public, if, instead of leading, they mislead the said public, by allowing the said timepieces to deviate more than five minutes from the proper time of day.

A fine upon all butchers and grocers, or their apprentices, who shall drive recklessly round the corners of the streets, and roads of the suburbs, at the rate of more than fifteen miles an hour.

A fine upon all Smith, Brown, and Jones bachelors, who shall have the audacity to hazard disseminating their names still more widely by the process of matrimony, the fines to be given, by way of dowry, to all Smith, Jones, and Brown spinsters, on their changing the aforesaid names.

A fine upon all organ boys who, after a three months' perambulation of the same neighbourhood, do not change either their district, or their tunes.

Perhaps a better plan would be that all organs should be licensed, not more than a thousand being permitted to be in operation playing the same sets of airs. This is a very moderate demand in behalf of those who (though with a proper regard for in-

valids and authors) do not sympathize altogether with the superfine Beethoven and Pergolese gentlemen, who must be agonized by the sound of their own phaeton wheels, and exerueiated by the chirping of their pens on their paper, whilst they are writing their complaints. The chief objection to the organ boys, however, is the thought of the millions which they withdraw yearly from this country, to be spent in luxury in villas on the shores of the Lago Maggiore.



NEXT to Buonaparte's marvellous moral power in curbing or making more or less submissive to his will a set of young republican generals, "brave as their swords," full of ambition, of an original rank often equal to his own, and insolent with the newly-acquired licence of republicanism, comes that openness of eye, and freedom from prejudice, which led him to see in a moment, and be ready to borrow, from no matter what quarter, everything that was likely to be subservient to his purpose. He was ready to enlist even that "paternal" doctrine which has long been the main principle and only stay of the Chinese Empire. Southey tells us, in his "Essay on the Means of Improving the People," that "a catechism was prepared by Buonaparte's orders, to be generally used throughout his extensive empire, wherein the chief principle inculcated was the duty of a devoted obedience to the Emperor."



FRANCE could not afford any war with England,

except a war of spoliation ; and she could not afford that. If she were to succeed in carrying off all the millions from the Bank of England, she would soon find herself only the poorer for it. It would be well for her to listen to what Sheridan said of the first Napoleon :—

“ The old country has credit and capital, and commercial enterprise, and he may think if he can subjugate us that he can carry them off to France, like so many busts and marbles. But he would find himself mistaken : *that* credit would wither under the gripe of power, *that* capital would sink into the earth if trodden upon by the foot of a despot, *that* commercial enterprise would, I believe, lose all its vigour in that presence of an arbitrary government.”
SHERIDAN'S *Speech on Army Estimates*, Dec. 8, 1802.



THOSE who are afflicted with the blindness of ignorance of the past, are unfortunately the most likely to be afflicted also with *the* other blindness of prejudice as regards the present.



SUCH is the pride, or rather sycophancy to rank, which often reigns and revels in the middle classes of England, that a mere complimentary attention paid by a person of superior social standing is more gratifying, and often repaid with more gratitude, than the most substantial service rendered by a person in humble estate.

I AM afraid age always shows itself somewhere ; but it is amusing to hear A, whose ebony is abundantly streaked with silver, fancying that he is deceiving himself or other people, when he is compassionating B, whose head displays, from month to month, an increasing area of baldness, or C, who, multiplying his wrinkles, whilst grinning at his own white teeth in the mirror, is recommending a new set or a few vicarious teeth for the carious ones of his smooth, rosy-faced contemporary, or F, who is getting both blind and corpulent, informing poor E, who is rather deaf, in a tone unnecessarily loud, that G's calves have dwindled away so much of late as to be nearly invisible. It is said that a woman's face is a man's best looking-glass, at least so I translate *La Bruyère*, who tells us if we want to know whether we are beginning to look old, "to watch the expression of the next girl we talk to"—"hard school," he adds. However the Frenchman is not infallible, and the expression is often kind. Let the despairing remember that three of the most ardent passions on record were those of *Heloise* for *Abelard*, *Mary Queen of Scots* for *Bothwell*, and *Miss Vanhomrigh* (*Vanessa*) for *Swift*. These instances, with doubtless many others, are recorded in the confessions of the fair ones themselves. For had these "middle-aged," or more than "middle-aged gents," to use my friend *Thackeray's* term, boasted of the ardent love which they had inspired, they would have been set down

as imbeciles by the rash and uncharitable youth. However, I hope I shall not do any harm by such citations to those whose front feet are hanging over the brow of the hill, and whose next step must be one of descent.



A NATURAL faculty, or a natural fancy, or a strong though incidental motive, often leads to higher results than any amount of training. Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" has been already referred to, to show the political faculty exhibited pre-eminently by literary men when suddenly summoned to the duties of statesmanship. Of the generals at the time of the Revolution, Lord Macaulay says, and confirms his opinion :—

"It is a remarkable circumstance that the officers who had studied tactics in what were considered as the best schools, under Vere in the Netherlands, and under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, displayed far less skill than those commanders who had been bred to peaceful employments, and who never saw even a skirmish, till the civil war broke out."

Look again at the raw, hastily-raised armies of Republican France.

Southey tells us, in "the Doctor," that the very best conducted farms, especially of those at no great distance from the metropolis, are in the hands of retired tailors, and others who have spent their earlier years in trade. This, of course, may partly

attributed to large capital, but it is also doubtless due to the eagerness of a long suppressed passion for the pursuit of agriculture, and to an openness of mind to improvement. All this is no argument against a judicious training for a profession ; but it conveys a strong hint against the blinding and stupefying effects of mere routine.



THE higher the sanctity of the office, the less is sometimes required of the man. The pigeon, Kohl tells us in his " Russia," is a sacred bird in St. Petersburg, with which nobody thinks of interfering. It loses the delicacy of its character, and, like no other pigeons in the world, takes to feeding on offal.



IMAGINATION is a faculty in which I rather think the French, as a people, are eminently deficient ; and this acted injuriously on English literature, whilst that of France was in the ascendant here. The influx of German thought has had an exactly opposite tendency. The French works of fiction abound, indeed, with *invention* of incident,—a rare faculty,—and admirable justness and neatness of expression : but the grander creations of fancy, and the higher flights of imagination, are wanting. Victor Hugo, who, to use his own expression, " made a tempest in the French inkstand," is, I think, in his poetry a marked exception : but we

should look nearly in vain through French literature, for anything resembling the imagination, not to say of Shakespeare, and Milton, but of Shelley, Keats, or Southey, such as he is in some of the gorgeous dreams of the "Curse of Kehama."

Now in the possession of this faculty, and that in a very extraordinary degree, lay one of the secrets of Napoleon's vast influence over his less imaginative or unimaginative countrymen. He loved the romance of "Ossian;" he loved, Bourienne tells us, to excite terror in his audience by wild stories of his own invention; he loved what Moore calls—

Glimpses of glory far away
Into the vague bright future given.

Villemain, in his "Cotemporary Souvenirs," informs us how Napoleon declared, that, when he first read, in the "Universal History of Bossuet," the description of the line of empires, of the conquests of Alexander, of the lustre with which Cæsar, after the battle of Pharsalia, blazed in one moment before all the world, when he read these he seemed to see "the veil of the temple rent in twain, and *the Gods marching*." When had Vendosme, or Richelieu, Turenne, or Condé seen such a vision?

It was his silent reveries upon the past splendours and present mysteries of Egypt which gave him his passionate desire for its conquest, and cheered him, as Columbus was cheered in his voyage, by

thoughts upon the unknown magnificence of another world.

What Frenchman would ever have conceived the idea of telling his soldiers of “the centuries that were looking down upon them from the pyramids”—a thought borrowed from the Latin poet Lucan, but which had pleased Buonaparte, and which he knew how to make a good use of?

*Sacula Romanos nunquam tacitura labores
Attendunt, ævumque sequens speculatur ab omni
Orbe ratem.*—*Pharsal.* VIII. 622.

(Lucan, for his occasional grand bursts, his rhetorical power, his frequently admirable expression, and, I may add, perhaps, for his not unfrequent extravagances, has always been a favourite with the French.

Perhaps we should not be far wrong in attributing to Buonaparte's knowledge of the same author his pretended acquaintance with the history and feats of arms of individual private soldiers. Cæsar says in Lucan:—

“*Cujus non militis ensem*

*Agnoscam, cœlumque tremens cum lancea transit,
Dicere non fallar quo sit vibrata lacerto.*”

Phar. VII. 287.

A passage expanded by Silius Italicus:—

“*Hortando que iterum atque iterum insatiabilis urget*

Factis quemque suis, et se cognoscere jactat

Quâ dextra veniant stridentis sibila teli.”

Bell. Punic, IX. 245.)

What Buonaparte meant to turn into realities, he presented in vision to a people already excited, and, with all the powers of an enchanter, doubled their enthusiasm and courage. At last the imagination, which had been at once his good genius, and his

slave, and which had empowered him to make slaves of others, mastered himself. In what terms does he speak of his fatal expedition to Russia? "He would roll back the tide of Tartars into their Asiatic deserts for a thousand years!" (*Villemain.*) And, if he had not failed here, he probably would have failed afterwards in an overland march to India. How does he speak of this project? "He would find an access to the Ganges, and make the scaffolding erected by English merchants crumble in ruin at a touch from the sword of France!" (*Villemain.*) What wonder, when the spell was broken, the circle entered, the glass shattered, that the French people, disappointed and dismayed, became, for a time, less than their former selves, and, for a time, too, cursed their deluder and his own.



IF any fancies that he is fond of absolutely simple, ordinary, flat, unexaggerated nature, and makes it his *beau idéal*, by all means let him read Goldoni's comedies. There are somewhere about a hundred and fifty of them, so it would be well worth mastering Italian for such a treat. I read about six; the incidents have faded away, and, to the best of my recollection, there was not one sentiment in the six worth recording.



IT is strange that the bishops have not appeared fully conscious, that the question of marriage with

a wife's sister is rather more important to them not merely than, (to use Bishop Corbet's words):—

The adventures we have been in
About the wearing of the Church's linen ;

but than any dispute upon high and mysterious points of doctrine. The Church has always asserted, on behalf of Christianity, that all its practical points are plain, and we have its dignitaries recently undecided, whether to call the same act innocence or incest. It is about time this were finally settled; indeed, nothing, comparatively speaking, is worth their attention till it is, or till, to avoid a scandal, the minority sink into silent submission.

As to the Bishop of Oxford's views in a speech, July, 1858, respecting continued development of delicacy on these points, there is no knowing to what length it might proceed—perhaps to a warning against wedlock as extensive as the range of an old founder's kin fellowship at the universities.



Look at the two great representatives of conservatism and progress—depending for their difference more on temperament than on talent or opinion. The one slow and safe, not liking to be talked about, but jealous as to what others think of him, anxious to keep in *statu quo* his sentiments, his friendships, his property, his character, never greatly enlarging his personal experience. The other anxious to mix in all societies, and to gain knowledge even by contra-

diction, risking one fortune to gain another, advancing and retracing his steps rapidly, irritating others by his faults and atoning for them by unexpected excellencies, crowding into a year more events and impressions than fill up the life of the cautious, now rising into glory, and now sinking into ruin. What is the only life worth living to one of these characters, would be nearly death to the other.



NOT even a French novelist, with his absurd love of the philosophy of exceptions, can deny that grand stream of tendency by which good actions *generally* lead to happiness, and bad ones to the reverse; but the moment we begin to assign special judgments we are led into all kinds of shuffling, prevarication, and concealment, in our endeavour to reconcile conflicting facts and events. The death of a Nicholas is improved upon as a judgment from a hundred pulpits, and then is shortly followed by that of a Raglan and St. Arnaud, all worn out by anxiety. As people will persist in the practice, which is an old one, let them read the following words on this subject, words, which to some may be new, from unexceptionable sources:—

“ Like one who in a drouth observes the sky, he sits and watches when anything will drop, that might solace him with the likeness of a punishment from heaven upon us, which he straightway expounds how he pleases. No evil can befall the

parliament or city, but he positively interprets it a judgement upon them for his sake, as if the very manuscript of God's judgements had been delivered to his custody and exposition But to counterfeit the hand of God is the boldest of all forgery, and he, who, without warrant, but his own fantastic surmise, takes upon him perpetually to unfold the secret and unsearchable mysteries of high providence is likely, for the most part, to mistake and slander them, and approaches to the madness of those reprobate thoughts, that would wrest the sword of justice out of God's hand and employ it more justly in his own conceit."—MILTON'S *Eikonoclastes*.

"She can tell you what kind of a sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that hath been made, or a murder that hath been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgement."

ADDISON, *Spectator*, 483.

"When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgements; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things."—SHENSTONE'S *Essays*.

FOR another reason it is dangerous to use the words "judgment" and "punishment" too indiscriminately. Perhaps the law, *the most visible in its immediate operation here*, is that which brings suffering as a consequence of carelessness and imprudence, often extending beyond the agent, and which enjoins attention to self-preservation. The good man, if he overtasks person, purse, or, more awful still, brain, if he either thwarts or oppresses nature in any way, in a good cause, meets with *consequences* no less certainly than the bad one. This is said without denying a higher law, by which, slightly to alter the lines of Pope:—

The *safest* smile unfeeling *Prudence* wears,
Less pleasing far, than *Virtue's* very tears ;

even when the tears are caused by her own zeal or indiscretion. For those who wish to consider the question more deeply, there is Butler's "Analogy" and the commencement of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection."



ON most subjects every man may be said to have a right to his opinion ; but it is astonishing to observe the audacity with which some men, of no great natural capacity or acquired information, will venture to utter a peremptory decision on a point purely literary.



THOSE who have so feeble an imagination, that they "cannot fancy" others doing anything but

what they have seen them do, or something like it, may disconcert themselves by striving to conceive Oliver Cromwell playing at snowball, and the grave polite Richelieu exhausting his pent-up animal spirits, by running round his table neighing and snorting like a horse; both these instances, I believe, and doubtless many others of the same kind, are on record.



As regards the *novellettes* or stories in the penny serials which are now such a staple—What is their quality? What their topics of interest? Generally a somewhat heightened description of the ordinary joys, sorrows, hopes, and trials of human life, for the most part in a class above that of the reader—this is quite enough to make them popular. Scott and Dickens, as first leaders, seem to have had the especial mission of disabusing people of the idea that highly-seasoned love descriptions were what gave their chief interest to works of fiction—never had two writers less of this, never were two writers more popular. People could no longer talk about the necessary naughtiness of novels, and romances, or infer from the badness of human nature that there must be something improper in what was so attractive. As to the works of fiction of which we are now speaking, the husband is not very likely to be diverted by them from the work to which he is tied for his subsistence, though the wife may certainly be so spellbound occasionally by the description

of gilded salons, as to leave a sluttish cottage parlour. There might, no doubt, be more advantageous reading; but still these works are perhaps, on the whole, rather calculated to raise the tone of those to whom they are addressed; to give them an idea of greater refinement; to make them aspire to something higher than the scandal of the cottage door, and the roaring of the beer shop; or the merely material talk, which, when it is exhausted, must leave rather a blank in ordinary and even orderly cottage conversation. Besides, it may teach them that there are other cares and sorrows besides those of labour and narrow means.

Ah! go in peace, good fellow, to thine home,
Nor fancy these escape the general doom;
Gay as they seem, be sure with them are hearts
With sorrow tried, there's sadness in their parts,
If thou couldst see them when they think, alone,
Mirth, music, friends, and these amusements gone;
Couldst thou discover every secret ill
That pains the spirit, or resists the will,
Couldst thou behold forsaken love's distress,
Or envy's pang at glory or success,
Or beauty conscious of the spoils of time,
Or guilt alarmed when memory shows the crime,
All that gives sorrow, terror, grief, or gloom,
Content would cheer thee trudging to thy home.

CRABBE.



PERHAPS most men of a satirical and censorious vein have rather a natural antipathy for each other, because they severally think that they themselves know best the proper measure of censure, and selec-

tion of topics, and because, finding the province of correction pleasant, they like to keep it to themselves.



DID Byron hate Boileau, and talk about his "creaking verse, monotony on wire," because he found the following lines in him?—

Souvent, sans y penser, un écrivain qui s'aime
Forme tous ses héros semblables à soi-même.
Tout à l'humeur gasconne, en un auteur gascon,
Calprenede et Juba parlent du même ton.

L'Art Poétique, Chant Troisième.

I would rather hope it was to punish Boileau for "le clinquant de Tasse," when he ventured to speak disrespectfully of a poet whose own tenderness and generosity of spirit shine through the most harmonious verse. But one whose limited susceptibilities forbade him to enjoy Tasso needed to pay no further penalty.



THERE are some truths like the precious stones which may indeed, when in proximity, reflect each other's rays and reciprocate light, but which must be more or less isolated in their setting: there are others like the precious metals which run into various forms, and many enter into a variety of combinations.



FRANKLIN tells us, in his account of the *copper* Indians, that old Keskanah, as the exordium of one

of his speeches said: "It is very strange that I never meet with any one who is equal in sense to myself." (TURNER'S *Sacred History*.) Why did this strike Franklin so forcibly in the copper Indian, when he must have met with so many parallel passages amongst the *brass* tribe of Englishmen? Perhaps, however, he chiefly mentions it as an instance of superior simplicity of expression.



WHERE you see an opinion or a schism putting forth numerous petty ramifications, it is far more likely to be exhausting than propagating itself.



SATIRICAL reproaches, addressed by one individual to another, often do more harm to the temper of the person reproved than good to his conduct; nay, they sometimes provoke to a repetition of the very acts that called them forth, on purpose to vex the reprover. It is not so, I think, with nations. There is little doubt that both America and Australia have derived no small benefit from the many severe things that have been said respecting them by the English press; though in many of these reproaches there has been great want of liberality, and still greater want of caution and prudence: for though the improvement may be produced, the offence is not forgotten; and its motive is well understood to be rather the expression of our superiority and the gratification of our conceit than any desire for *their* improvement.

AT St. Petersburg, where the civilization is recent and superficial, Russian travellers tell us you may hunt the wolf in the immediate neighbourhood of the city ; and at Cairo and Jerusalem, where the civilization is stagnant or decaying, the author of the “Crescent and the Cross” says that the citizen hears in the very streets the howl of the hyana ; so in the case of the mind, where education has been superficial and extemporized, or when its effects are declining, we are often startled by the sudden presence of the strangest and wildest ideas.



THERE is a remarkable difference in various English circles of equal respectability, that is, in their internal familiar intercourse, in the item of what is called delicacy in conversation. Subjects are freely alluded to in one which would produce a panic in another ; but, taking the average, we have perhaps arrived at the extreme point practicable, short of the transatlantic horror, now probably vanishing, of allusion to the *legs* of a table. Circumstances allow some to wrap themselves up in a kind of moral cotton wool, impossible for many, and clearly not intended by Nature for the majority ; for example, it is only necessary to allude to the large class, who have, necessarily, much to do with rustic details. As for the few who approve of speaking roundly, and calling, as they term it, a spade a spade, the answer seems to be that, as it is one of the first uni-

versal instincts of civilization to cover the body, it is no less so, in a measure, to drape the mind ; and universal instincts are not to be despised, even by those who choose to except themselves from their operation. This was long ago argued by a Pagan philosopher, Cicero, who was inclined to draw the line, perhaps, even more stringently than our own Milton, to judge from what the latter has said in the *Areopagitica*. What was considered perfectly legitimate formerly would be deemed vastly indelicate now. In spite of all that has been said and written on this point, it is difficult to see why ; (except as far as familiarity produced indifference ;) that is, taking the principle as true enunciated by Hooker in the following passage :—

“ Affections, as joy and grief, and fear and anger, with such like, being, as it were, the sundry fashions and forms of appetite, can neither rise at the conceit of a thing indifferent, nor yet choose but rise at the sight of some things, wherefore it is not altogether in our power whether we will be stirred with our affections or no.”—*Eccl. Pol.*

A word signified that which it did signify, that is, presented the idea of which it was the sign, just as much two hundred years ago as at the present moment.



Books and learning may give a man power and confidence, but, unfortunately, they are often very

far from giving him either feeling or politeness. In some cases not even "*ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*," for three or four generations, can take away all the crabbedness and crudeness of the original stock.



CHILDREN and the poor would be vastly surprised to hear all that an educated man knows, and still more surprised to be afterwards told all he does not know.

It is extremely amusing to hear Montaigne, with his usual candour, confess that, when he is attempting to examine a child, he is very soon obliged to turn from particulars to generals, and to test the mother-wit rather than acquired information :—

"Il n'est enfant des classes moyennes qui ne se puisse dire plus scavant que moy, qui n'ay seulement pas de quoy l'examiner sur sa première leçon, et si l'on m'y force, je suis contrainct assez ineptement d'en tirer quelque matière de propos universel, sur quoy j'examine son jugement naturel, leçon qui leur est autant incogneue, comme à moy la leur."

B. I. Chap. 25.



To try to begin to think without any particular subject is something like fishing without a bait, yet still, if the line is dragged pretty quickly through the water; or, in other words, if the mind is kept actively though indefinitely on the range, you may perhaps catch a fish, of a larger size and of a better kind than that you would have baited for, by the tail, or by the head, or by the side, or somehow or other.

IN the midst of graver disquisitions, may I tell the reader why a hearty tea-drinker ought to be a most faithful and devoted friend? Because he is “*fidelis ad urnam.*”



WE constantly hear people debating about how long you may live with a person before you thoroughly know him or her. It is not so much a question of time as of circumstances. The time you may know a person without knowing him is quite unlimited, as long as the routine in which you live is not changed.



THE warmest advocates of the freedom of the press may sometimes reflect upon its dangers. What we have to fear is not so much ignorance, or unfair political bias, or dishonesty, on the part of individual writers, as indiscretion and ill temper. If a writer has received personal vexation, or experienced personal disappointment from a man in power; if he has been perpetually predicting the fall of a ministry, and his predictions have been as perpetually falsified, it neither alters his knowledge nor changes his general political bearing, but it is extremely likely to affect his humour. I suppose editors and political writers are as subject to human infirmities as the judges of whom Erskine says, “Even the noble judges of that high tribunal are clothed beneath their ermine with the common infirmities of man’s nature.” (*Speech in Defence of Stockdale.*)

If a man, individually, or in the persons of his family, or immediate friends, has been overworried by French police, or insulted by Austrian officials, or swindled in Spanish or Pennsylvanian bonds, his pen is by no means safe from the influence of his spleen, and it is fearful to think what firebrands a leading political writer may throw about from his chambers, or from his study. However, people fortunately chew opinions which are offered them more and more, few, comparatively speaking, swallow them in pure faith, and they go to their papers somewhat more for facts, and somewhat less for sentiments, and fortunately, thanks to this freedom of the press, no editor now dares to suppress facts. With the liberty of current, it is wonderful how clear the press has run itself since the days of the "Satirist," the "Age," and the *old* days of the "John Bull," and "Weekly Dispatch." To those who are very suspicious about the honesty of newspapers, and who have an idea that their advocacy may be always purchased by hard cash, I will cite a case which is as honourable to the editor as it is disreputable to the minister or ministers who wanted to buy him. Jerdan, in his "Autobiography," says, "That he was authorized by the government to negotiate with a certain journal of importance, and to request its writers to change their course, with an offer of £10,000, which was immediately rejected, though the writers assented to the wish of the government." However, some may

think that, as regards the press generally, this instance proves too much.



To die of excess in youth is like being drowned in the torrent of the passions; in advanced age, it more resembles being smothered in the mud of their deposit.



THE poets have said that the infant's birth-cry is prophetic of the woes of life. Is it not also emblematic, that one of the trees which is dedicated to sorrow should supply its earliest separate resting-place?

Infans

Vagitu—locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.

De Rer. et Nat.

Thou must be patient, we came crying hither,
Thou knowst the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry.

King Lear.



ALL life lies between the willow and the elm.



LONG and early domestic intimacy does not *generally* produce in man feelings of love, distinctively so called, though it may produce the very strongest attachment of a different order. But with women the case is entirely otherwise; for these reasons. With

daily intimacy that bashfulness which forms the vanguard of a woman's heart against the first approaches of passion is partly beaten down; again, she knows the great risk that there always must be in marriage, and feels safest with a man whose disposition and habits she knows, or fancies she knows. Besides, her attachments follow habit, far more than man's do.



A MAN may keep warm whilst he is struggling up the mountain side, trying to outstep and overtop his fellows; but when the end is accomplished, and the effort over, when he finds himself alone on the silent highest peak,

Climbs the topmost stone,
And drinks the ærial solitude alone,
(DARWIN.)

with the rest out of call, and almost out of sight below him, it is then, as in ordinary mountain climbing, that the feeling of chilliness must come on.



IT is not so very fortunate, after all, to be born, as it is called, with a silver spoon in the mouth. A good many have been sooner or later choked with this spoon, especially if a very large one.



CAN any one conceive a greater apparent similitude, or real difference, than that between the dove bearing the leaves of peace to the animals, clean

and unclean, of the ark, and the carrier-pigeon bearing, on other leaves, under its wing, the tidings of a peace to the bulls and bears of the stock exchange? Such is the difference between a purely religious peace, and a selfishly commercial one: but it may be designed that the olive-tree of peace should be an exogenous one, as the naturalists term those which have their principle of growth from the outside, from the bark, not from the heart.

As the purchase-price of Tetzels indulgences was one of Luther's main levers for raising the pile of religious liberty in Germany, Alva's exorbitant taxes serving the same purpose in the Netherlands, and Charles's ship-money went far towards purchasing the vessel of England's Civil Freedom. The stoic poet might well say:—

Pereunt discrimine nullo
Amissæ leges, sed, pars vilissima rerum,
Certamen movistis, opes!

Phars. III. 119.

In all ways, the *ab extrâ* principle, if I may so call it, is having its efficacy more and more acknowledged. The truth of Hooker's saying is more and more felt—a provision for life was given to man, before law. (*Eccl. Pol.*) In spite of this wise indication, twenty years ago the tract would have been probably administered to the starving family, prior to the loaf. The spark of instruction would have been depended on to improve the state of the cottage; it is now admitted that the state of the cottage, if not improved, will infallibly smother the spark. Instruct the Hindoo in secular knowledge at all events, and then, if possible, ply special doctrines, is echoed from a hundred mouths. “Teach the Eastern African tribes legitimate commerce,” says Harris (*Highlands of Æthiopia*), “and then hope for the safe destruction of the slave trade.” These are only a few illustrations.

PERHAPS it is not very likely to occur to the lover, when he is writing the loved name on the tree's bark, that he is making use of the *liber* (bark), the original book, from which the library and all kindred terms have their origin. This leads me, not unnaturally, to a reverie on trees and on books, which admit, I find, of abundant comparison. We have palm-books, like Shakespeare, which contain something of everything which is either grateful, or needful to the intellectual life of man.

The Indian nut alone

Is clothing, meat, and trencher, drink, and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

HERBERT.

It would be endless to describe the various uses to which this valuable tree is convertible, which are said to be upwards of *one hundred*, and have formed the theme of many native poets.—*Ceylon and the Cingalese*, SIRR.

But it seems that even this was far exceeded in utility by the date-palm:—

“ The face of the country (the neighbourhood of Babylon) was interspersed with groves of innumerable palm-trees, and the diligent natives celebrated, either in prose or verse, the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches, the leaves, the juice, and the fruit were skilfully applied.”—GIBBON, Chap. xxiv.

We have deciduous books, only pleasing at intervals, then bare and dead to the mind, but after a time recovering their interest and beauty. We have books of poetic flowers alone, like the lilac and laburnum, and others with fruits of truth, whose fruits shall go on producing fruit for ever. We have

books of tragedy, like the yew, and elegiac books, like the willow, bending over the tomb in sad despair, only lifting its tresses beneath the night breeze for a moment, to let them droop again; and, over the same tomb, the cypress, like Young's "Night Thoughts," dark indeed, but shooting spirally upwards through darkness towards heaven and towards the stars. We have the satirical holly, bright but prickly, and the satirical birch, (*bouleau*, which by a stroke of the pen becomes *Boileau*,) and the Thomsonian hawthorn, a tree of all seasons, white with blossom in the spring, with verdure in the summer and autumn, and scarlet with berries in winter, when all the autumnal fruits have fallen. Metaphysical and aphoristic trees, with nuts which require an effort to get at the kernels. Secular trees of history, the oak, and elm, with endless ramifications, and taking their root far down in hidden motives and causes, trees of centuries. The laurel-book of odes and triumphs, not without its bitter juice, typifying grief for the glorious dead, and the envy that waits upon honour.

De tout laurier, le poison est l'essence.

BERANGER.

Tears that in the midst of triumph flow.

TICKELL.

The Ovidian myrtle, and the Anacreontic vine. Trees of poison, and trees of healing. Trees that, like Montaigne, form a good stock for many other trees; trees that require the grafting of commenta-

ries ; and others which derive all their growth from the rich compost of their foot-notes : books that expend themselves in the branches and foliage of mere words :—

Tutti rami, e tutti frondi,
Senza frutti, e senza fior.

METASTASIO, *Demetrio*.

Trees of the French fashion, cut somewhat too formally, and others, of the German, wandering into a “wilderness of shade,” where you may lose yourself, and lie down and sleep, out of the sun. Books abounding in small fruit, like the cherry ; and others of a finer produce, but more thinly spread, like the peach. Books whose mere cuttings are soon destined to grow into other books, and books half-blighted by the critics’ lightning, but still surviving. I separate from our profane walk, the tree of life and of the knowledge of good and evil, now one, as when divided they were apart from the rest in the garden forest of Eden.



I WONDER whether the French chose the stainless lily, and the cock, for their emblems and ensigns, on account of the old, *but fabulous* notions that the *lion* was intimidated by the chaste purity typified by the one, (*Tatler*, No. 5,) and by the crowing of the other.

Cur autem Gallum noctem explodentibus alis
Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare,
Nenu queunt rapidi contra constare leones
Inque tueri ?

LUCRETIVS, IV. 714.

The Frenchman ought to be obliged to me for this quotation, at least for the two first lines of it, if he imagines that the French were

Those who first broke the universal gloom,
Sons of the morning. ROGERS'S *Italy*.

However, any one but a Frenchman would give the Italians the priority.



HAVING just quoted Lucretius, I will give what appears to me strong evidence that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with his work, or at any rate a part of it, whether through the medium of translation or not, I will not attempt to decide. Take the following passages, of which I give a literal English version, that all may be able to judge:—

Ventus subtili corpore tenuis
Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem.

The thin wind, of subtle body, urges on the huge ship with mighty impulse.

De Rer. Nat. iv. 903.

Behold the threaten sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea.

Chorus, Henry V.

In somnis

.
Reges . . . capiuntur, prœlia miscent,
Tollunt clamorem, quasi si jugulentur.

In sleep kings are captured, mingle battles, raise a shout as if they were being stabbed, (literally, stabbed in the throat.)

De Rer. Nat. iv. 111.

So Aufidius to Coriolanus :—

“ I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat.”

Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 5.

Quodcunque fluit de rebus, id omne

Aëris in magnum fertur mare.

Every efflux of things is borne into the great sea of air.

De Rer. Nat. v. 276.

We must all part

Into this sea of air.—*Timon of Athens*, iv. 2.

No one else has, to the best of my knowledge, adduced these passages, though they all occur within a few pages in *Lucretius*.



A MAN, with more knowledge than he can fairly wield, resembles a little floating wick in a tun of oil ; however, be it remembered that the light, though not more vivid, will be more continuous, than that of the same wick in a saucer.



YOU may get compensation, at some time or other, or in some way or other, from the man who is only poor in pocket, but do not expect it from the man who is beggared in principle, and bankrupt in honour and in heart.



HUMAN nature is so perverse that the advice expressly designed for us, we often refuse to recognize as applicable to our case ; whilst we nervously try to adapt to ourselves the reproof or sarcasm which was never, in the slightest degree, intended for us.

THE greatest happiness is that which still leaves something to hope for beyond it—what an acknowledgement of human imperfection ! We are never quite content with our own round of the ladder, and if we are on the topmost round, we are dissatisfied with the ladder itself, and would fain change it for Jacob's.

The lowest round on earth, the topmost in the skies.

DRYDEN.



WHERE and when did the Englishman get the hypochondriac notion of his excessive bulk ? Whilst he is caricaturing himself as unwieldy with obesity, the Frenchman, in the "*Charivari*," and the "*Journal pour rire*," is figuring him as uncomfortably lean. I think, as a general rule, the French, when unstinted in diet, have neater, rounder, and plumper, though not perhaps such sinewy limbs ; indeed, they are as much characterized by this, as by the right-angle which the shoulder generally forms with the base of the neck, and the smaller hands and feet. The Italians satirize our thin legs.

Sia Russo, od Italo o Francese,
Chi sente, debbe aver gambe all' Inglese.

GUADAGNOLI.

In our old poets we find the same remark, especially as regards the higher classes.

If small legs won
Ever the title of a gentleman,
His did acquire it.

BROWNE'S *Britannia's Pastorals*.

And there are similar passages in Shirley, and elsewhere. In the portrait-gallery of the British worthies, at Manchester, the lean kine were far more numerous than the fat ones. Scarcely any of the old full-length likenesses would look natural without those long stilt-like legs stretching nearly across the canvas, or panel.



A REACTION of taste in favour of the antique, and stiff specimens of early art, seems to have taken place in Rome, resembling our passion in England for the early German school and Pre-Raphaelite Italian painters.

“Quanto colorum pulchritudine et varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quam in veteribus? quæ tamen, etiamsi primo aspectu nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant, cum iidem nos in *antiquis tabulis illo ipso horrido obsoletoque teneamur.*”

CIC. *De Orat.* III.



ON the side of Hazlitt and the actualists, against the old idealists and Sir Joshua Reynolds, let us see what may be said, which they have not distinctly said themselves.

Let us see how far the actualist can fairly go, and what are his conditions.

He may demand any number of the finest really existing forms, and he may combine their beauties as he pleases, and at their happiest moments.

There are certain forms of feature, and attitudes

of feature, expressive of the lower and violent passions, these he may avoid.

Consider how much exaltation is gained by that motionless solemnity which gives, in works of art,

To one brief moment caught from fleeting time,
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

WORDSWORTH.

Any of that movement, or the idea of it, which exists in actual life, disturbing contemplation, and vulgarising the object; this is acting powerfully on our minds when we look at some of those divinely tranquil pictures of the great masters.

Give due weight to these constituents, and say, whether, when combined, they would be insufficient to produce the finest picture ever seen or imagined.

When we say that a picture does not come up to our ideal, do we mean that we have ourselves a distinct realized conception before the mind's eye of something more perfect? Or do we mean, in common language, that it might be better, without having that better before us? Do we only aspire after it as something possible?

May a finer degree of judgment, in the *combination of actually existing features*, than that which they have attained, appear possible to the best artists; and how far does this coincide with the ever-receding ideal?



THE Emperor of the French knows well the working of an unshackled press in England—why does he refuse it to his own people? Is it because a

power nearly irresponsible and a free press cannot, in the nature of things, exist together? But let us put him for the moment aside, and view the matter generally. If the French are not fit for a free press, why is this? Do not let us consider ourselves answered by the eternal cry of "temperament," as if there were no evidences of the disposition of entire nations being greatly modified by a change in external circumstances, or by the infusion or augmentation of some one principle. Humanly speaking, a well-developed commerce, uninterfered with by foolish restrictions, is the best, perhaps the only hope, for France. One of the mainstays of order in England is her love of acquisition; *the love of power*, as implied in money-getting, and money-holding, in excess over *the love of pleasure*, as implied in money-spending. Why is France ever on the giddy edge of revolution? Look at her thousands of men in the prime of life, with an insatiable love of pleasure, and small means of gratifying it; armies of young officers, who, when the drill is over, will talk, and talk politics; thousands of hangers on, expectants, and supernumeraries of the *bureaux*, for the time equally idle; husbands, who still leave the shop and office to their wives; *cafés*, and promenades, full of loungers, talking about the national progress during those morning hours when the Englishman is increasing his country's prosperity in, and with, his own; and still talking, in the evening, when industry and fatigue have almost made the Englishman domestic, and sent him to his fireside,

more inclined for repose, than for pleasure or for politics. Verily, if we are "a nation of shopkeepers," as Shakespeare says :—

Our imperfections oft do serve us well ;

or as he says to the same purpose elsewhere, with his endless variety of phrase :—

Our mere defects

Prove our commodities (advantages) ;

without our industry, or, if it must be so, our greediness for gain, political discussion might be as dangerous in England, as in France.

America has declined the aristocratic principle. What would be the condition of the Northern States, if they had not thrown themselves, heart and soul, into commerce? A condition not very easy to be imagined or described! A country well peopled, intelligent, of lofty aspirations, like France, must have some leading principle, some fairly open road of action, or it will try by-paths, and break fences, to attain the desired heights. Alternate war and pleasure have been the main resources of France; but these will not do for ever; nor are they, if truly considered, the resources of a civilized, but of a barbarous people. It may be difficult to make the French commercial: there may be, and are great obstacles of various kinds; but every fresh commercial development will be a step in the path of social order for France; nor is it, in fact, very easy to discern any other path for her. No restoration of the aristocratic system, in any form, would serve, alone; and no religion can hold its

own amidst hosts of idlers, who might perhaps be industrious, if they knew what road of industry to follow.



As this goes to the press, every one is writing upon, or discussing the Montalembert trial. It is probably a great mistake to suppose that this prosecution has been very unpopular in France ; whatever may be the opinion there respecting the restraint upon the press generally. Does any one, who has the slightest knowledge of French feeling, imagine that a comparison, such as that drawn by M. de Montalembert between English and French institutions, or English and French liberties, with a triumphant conclusion in our favour, can be popular with the *majority* of the French nation ? Rather would they have a press crushed than a press employed in the praises of England. I do not speak this from any feeling of bitterness towards the French : individually they entertain very friendly feelings towards any Englishman who treats them with politeness and cordiality ; but they will not brook the assertion of our superiority, as a nation.

The Emperor has probably no wish to break the alliance ; but whilst consulting his own interests he has not treated England very generously. He has gained all his points. The colonels were allowed to say their say ; the experiment was tried, the gauntlet was thrown down, and, after a due time had elapsed, it was withdrawn, and the rebuke to the colonels administered ; but was this rebuke promulgated, as

it ought to have been, in the provincial papers; through the length and breadth of France?

The pride of France was gratified, that was enough. Something very much like the same game was played in the "*Charles et Georges*" case, England was in a measure defied, and France in proportion gratified. Then, again, comes a species of inquiry. The third case is something like the two former. Here, again, the Emperor has seen a little deeper into French feeling than many of his English critics. It was probably, for the reasons first stated, his very best opportunity for, in a measure, gratifying the people, in the very act of asserting his power over the press; and he did not lose it. By every one of these acts he has more or less pleased France, whilst, by the retractations, he has just not compromised himself with England. If an *émeute* took place to-morrow, it would probably be on the general question, rather than from any immediate sympathy with, or for, M. de Montalembert.

THE END.

MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY'S

NEW AND STANDARD PUBLICATIONS.



ILLUSTRATIONS of the Tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles; or, Parallels to the Metaphors, Sentiments, and Constructions of the Greek Dramatists, from the entire range of Greek, Latin, and English Poetry. By J. F. Boyes, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford.

"No one should attempt to edit a Greek play, without having previously mastered the contents of this work; in all ways it will be useful. There are few things more agreeable than tracing the coincidences of genius, and Mr. Boyes has done this in a style hitherto, we believe, unrivalled for its amplitude."—*Westminster Review*.

"We receive with pleasure, a work which brings the noble darings of the father of tragedy into immediate comparison with the master spirits of our own country. To use the language of Cicero, the author has rendered those studies which nurtured boyhood delightful to age."

Athenæum.

"This volume, we trust, is only the first of several; and the more the welcomer."—*Literary Gazette*.

"An ingenious performance, exhibiting learning of the best kind."

Britannia.

"We earnestly recommend the introduction to the English reader, to him whose reading may be confined to his own language, no less than to the classical student."—*John Bull*.

"This work is delightful to the ordinary classical scholar, and invaluable to the student."—*Atlas*.

The Library of English Worthies.

A Series of reprints of the best Authors carefully edited and collated with the Early Copies, and handsomely printed by Whittingham in Octavo.



GOWER'S *Confessio Amantis*, with Life by Dr. Pauli, and a Glossary. 3 vols. 2l. 2s. In antique calf, 3l. 6s. Only a limited number of Copies printed.

This important work is so scarce that it can seldom be met with even in large libraries. It is wanting in nearly every collection of English Poetry.

"His English Poem is here reprinted in the handsomest form which perhaps it ever assumed, and we have seldom seen three octavo volumes bearing so inviting an appearance. . . . Little was said and less known about the '*Confessio Amantis*,' until the publication of '*The History of English Poetry*' in 1781. Chalmers ventured to reprint it in his enlarged edition of the '*British Poets*,' a work admirable in its design if it had not been disfigured by notoriously imperfect typography. In this respect the volumes now before us seem almost faultless, for although we have not had an opportunity of collating the '*Confessio Amantis*' with any manuscripts, it is obvious that the utmost pains have been taken, and that Dr. Pauli has availed himself not only of Caxton's and Berthelet's editions, but of all accessible written resources, including the celebrated copy in the Stafford Collection. . . On the whole, it has rarely been our lot to review so creditable a reproduction of any poet."—*Athenæum*.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; with Analytical Index, by the Rev. Edward Steere, LL.D. 12s. In antique calf, 1*l.* 1s.

"The present edition has been furnished with an Index of the Texts of Scripture quoted, and an Index of Words and Things considerably fuller than any hitherto published. These and the carefulness of the typography are small things in themselves perhaps, but he who values Butler at his true worth, will value any assistance in reading and referring to him."—*Editor's Preface.*

Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying. 2 vols. 1*l.* 1s. In antique calf, 2*l.* 2s.

Herbert's Poems and Remains; with S. T. Coleridge's Notes, and Life by Izaak Walton. Revised, with additional Notes, by Mr. J. Yeowell. [*In the press.*]

Spenser's Complete Works; with Life, Notes, and Glossary, by John Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. [*In the press.*]

Uniform with the above.

The Physical Theory of Another Life. By Isaac Taylor, Esq., Author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Restoration of Belief, &c." *New Edition.* 10s. 6*d.* Also in small 8vo. 6s.

*Now publishing, in foolscap 8vo. at 3s. 6*d.* or 5s. per Volume,*

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets.

The Publishers have been induced, by the scarcity and increasing value of this admired Series of the Poets, to prepare a New Edition, very carefully corrected, and improved by such additions as recent literary research has placed within their reach.

The general principle of Editing which has been adopted is to give the entire Poems of each author in strict conformity with the Edition which received his final revision, to prefix a Memoir, and to add such notes as may be necessary to elucidate the sense of obsolete words or explain obscure allusions. Each author will be placed in the hands of a competent editor specially acquainted with the literature and bibliography of the period.

Externally this new edition will resemble the former, but with some improvements. It will be elegantly printed by Whittingham, on toned paper manufactured expressly for it; and a highly-finished portrait of each author will be given. The Volumes will be issued at short intervals.

The *Aldine Edition of the British Poets* has hitherto been the favourite Series with the admirers of choice books, and every effort will be made to increase its claims as a comprehensive and faithful mirror of the poetic genius of the nation.



KENSIDE'S Poetical Works, with Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce, and additional Letters, carefully revised. 5s.

Collins's Poems, with Memoir and Notes by W. Moy Thomas, Esq. 3s. 6d.

Thomson's Poems, with Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas, and additional Poems, the whole very carefully revised, and the Memoir annotated by Peter Cunningham, Esq., F.S.A. 2 vols. [In the press.]

Gray's Poetical Works, with Notes and Memoir by the Rev. John Mitford. 5s.

Shakespeare's Poems, with Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce. 5s.

Young's Poems, with Memoir by the Rev. John Mitford, and additional Poems. 2 vols. 10s.

Cowper's Poetical Works, including his Translations from Milton, &c. Edited, with Memoir, by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. 3 vols. [Preparing.]

Dryden's Poetical Works, with Memoir by the Rev. R. Hooper, F.S.A. 5 vols. Carefully revised. [Preparing.]

Parnell's Poems, with Memoir, edited by Bolton Corney, Esq., M.R.S.L. [Preparing.]

Pope's Poetical Works, with Memoir. Edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A. 3 vols. [Preparing.]

Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the Poets.



R. S. W. Singer's New Edition of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works. The Text carefully revised, with Notes. The Life of the Poet and a Critical Essay on each Play by W. W. Lloyd, Esq., M.R.S.L. In 10 vols., price 6s. each.

Also a *Large Paper Edition*, in crown 8vo., 4l. 10s.

"Mr. Singer has produced a text, the accuracy of which cannot be surpassed in the present state of antiquarian and philological knowledge."—*Daily News*.

The Works of Gray, edited by the Rev. John Mitford. With his Correspondence with Mr. Chute and others, Journal kept at Rome, Criticism on the Sculptures, &c. *New Edition*. 5 vols. 1l. 5s.

The Temple and other Poems. By George Herbert, with Coleridge's Notes. *New Edition*. 5s.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying. 4s. each. Also in one volume, 7s. 6d.

The Physical Theory of Another Life. By Isaac Taylor, Esq., Author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Restoration of Belief," &c. *New Edition*. 6s. Also handsomely printed in 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Vaughan's Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations, with Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. *New Edition.* 5s. Also a beautifully printed *Large Paper Edition* in crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Logic in Theology, and other Essays. By Isaac Taylor, Esq., Author of "The Physical Theory of Another Life." [*In the press.*]

Contents:—1. Logic in Theology. 2. Unitarianism in England. 3. Nilus:—the Christian Courtier in the Desert. 4. Paula:—High Quality and Asceticism in the Fourth Century. 5. Theodosius:—Pagan Usages and the Christian Magistrate. 6. Julian:—Prohibitive Education. 7. "Without Controversy."

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; with Analytical Introduction and copious Index, by the Rev. E. Steere, LL.D. 6s.

Bacon's Essays; or, Counsels Civil and Moral, with the Wisdom of the Ancients. Revised from the Early Copies, with References and a few Notes by S. W. Singer, F.S.A. 5s.

Bacon's Novum Organum. Newly translated, with short Notes, by the Rev. Andrew Johnson, M.A. [*In the press.*]

Locke on the Conduct of the Human Understanding; edited by Bolton Corney, Esq., M. R. S. L. [*In the press.*]



NEW Dictionary of the English Language. By Charles Richardson, LL.D. Combining Explanation with Etymology, and copiously illustrated by Quotations from the best authorities. *New Edition*, with a Supplement containing additional Words and further Illustrations. In Two Vols. 4to.

4l. 14s. 6d. Half bound in russia, 5l. 15s. 6d. Russia, 6l. 12s.

The WORDS—with those of the same Family—are traced to their Origin.

The EXPLANATIONS are deduced from the Primitive Meaning through the various Usages.

The QUOTATIONS are arranged Chronologically, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.

* * The Supplement separately, 4to. 12s.

A SMALLER EDITION, without the Quotations. 8vo. 15s.

Dr. Richardson on the Study of Language: an Exposition of Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.



THENÆ Cantabrigienses. By C. H. Cooper, F.S.A., and Thompson Cooper. Volume I. 1500—1585. 8vo. Cloth, 18s.

This work, in illustration of the biography of notable and eminent men who have been members of the University of Cambridge, comprehends notices of:—1. Authors. 2. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, heads of religious houses and other church dignitaries. 3. Statesmen, diplomatists, military and naval commanders. 4. Judges and eminent practitioners of the civil or common law. 5. Sufferers for religious or political opinions. 6. Persons distinguished for success in tuition. 7. Eminent physicians and medical practitioners. 8. Artists, musicians, and heralds. 9. Heads of colleges, professors, and principal officers of the university. 10. Benefactors to the university and colleges, or to the public at large.

[illegible]

s.

9360

